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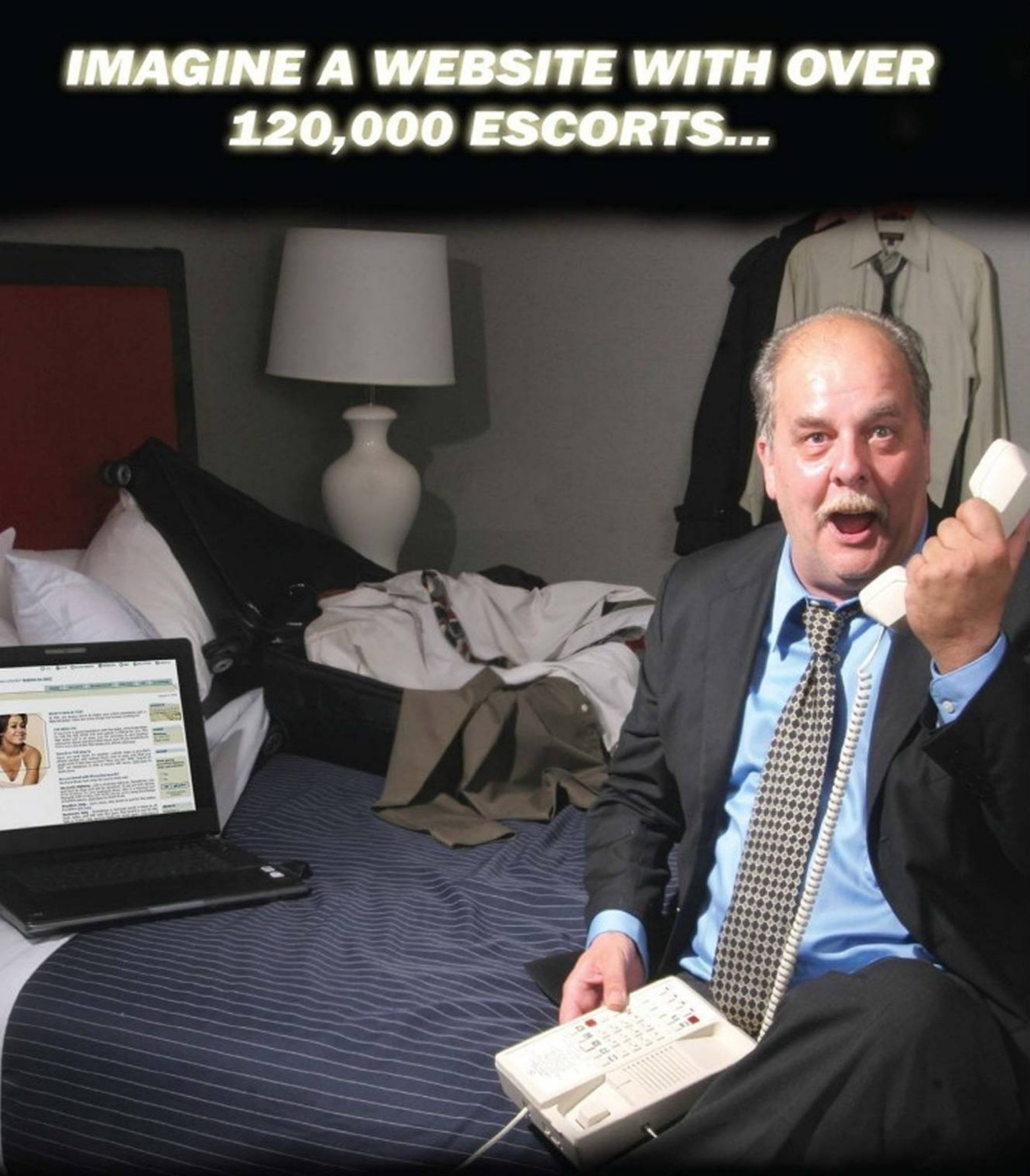

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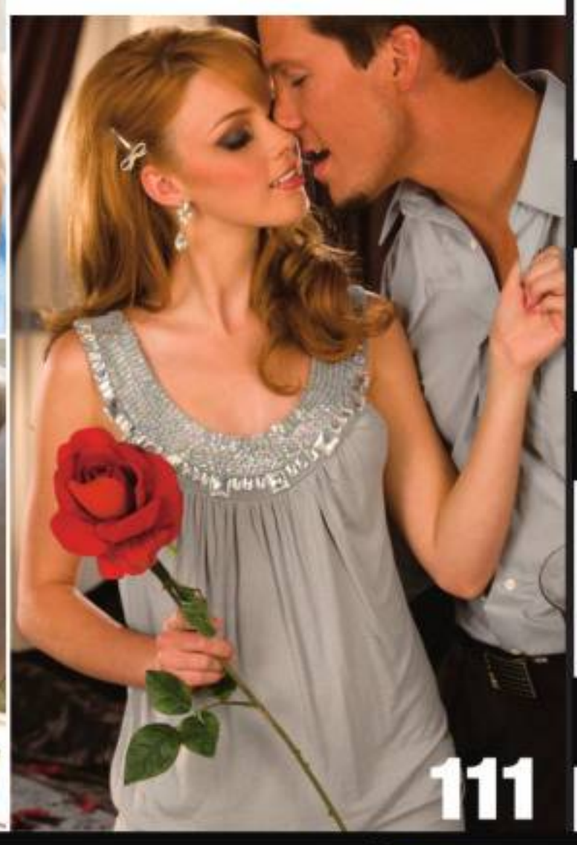

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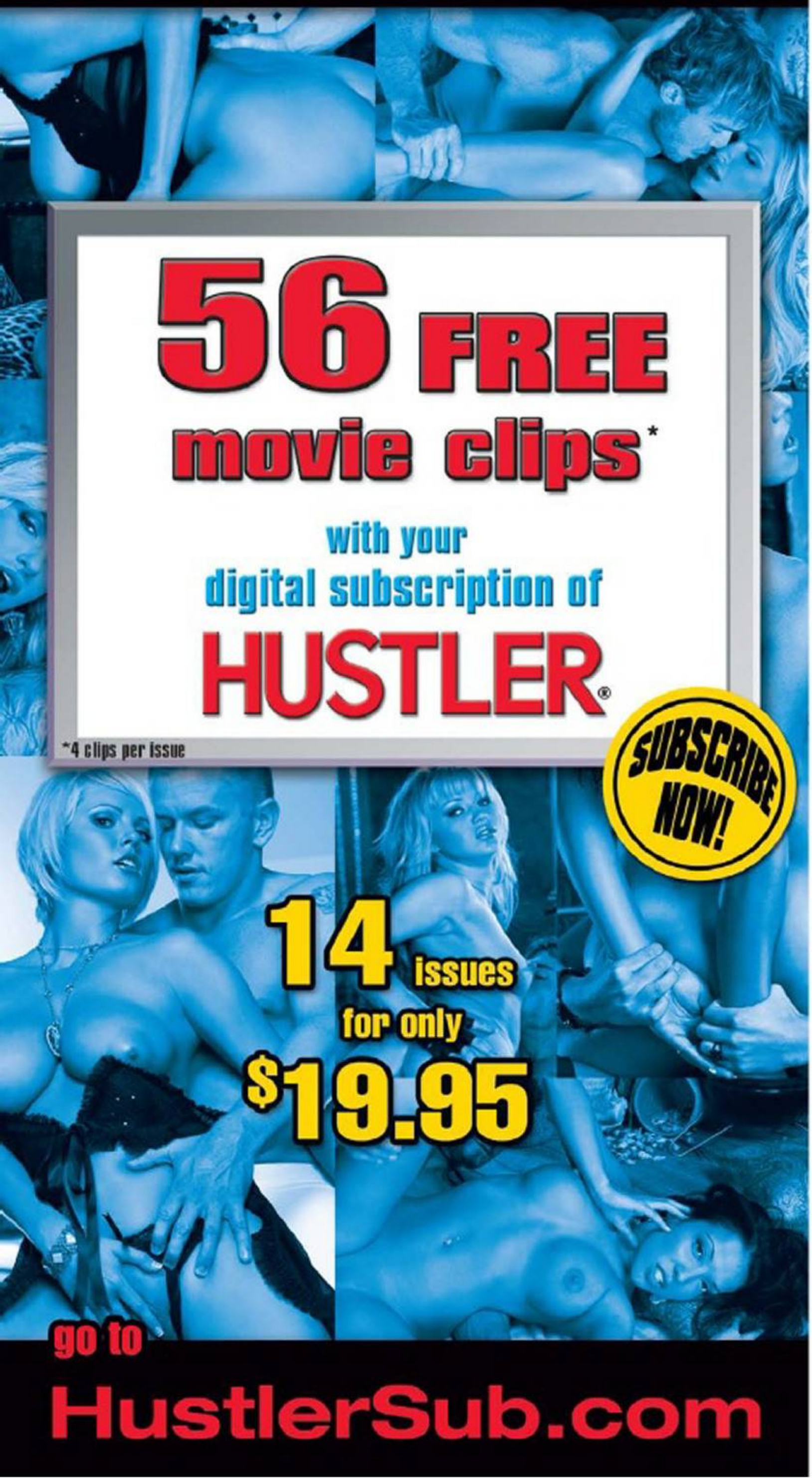

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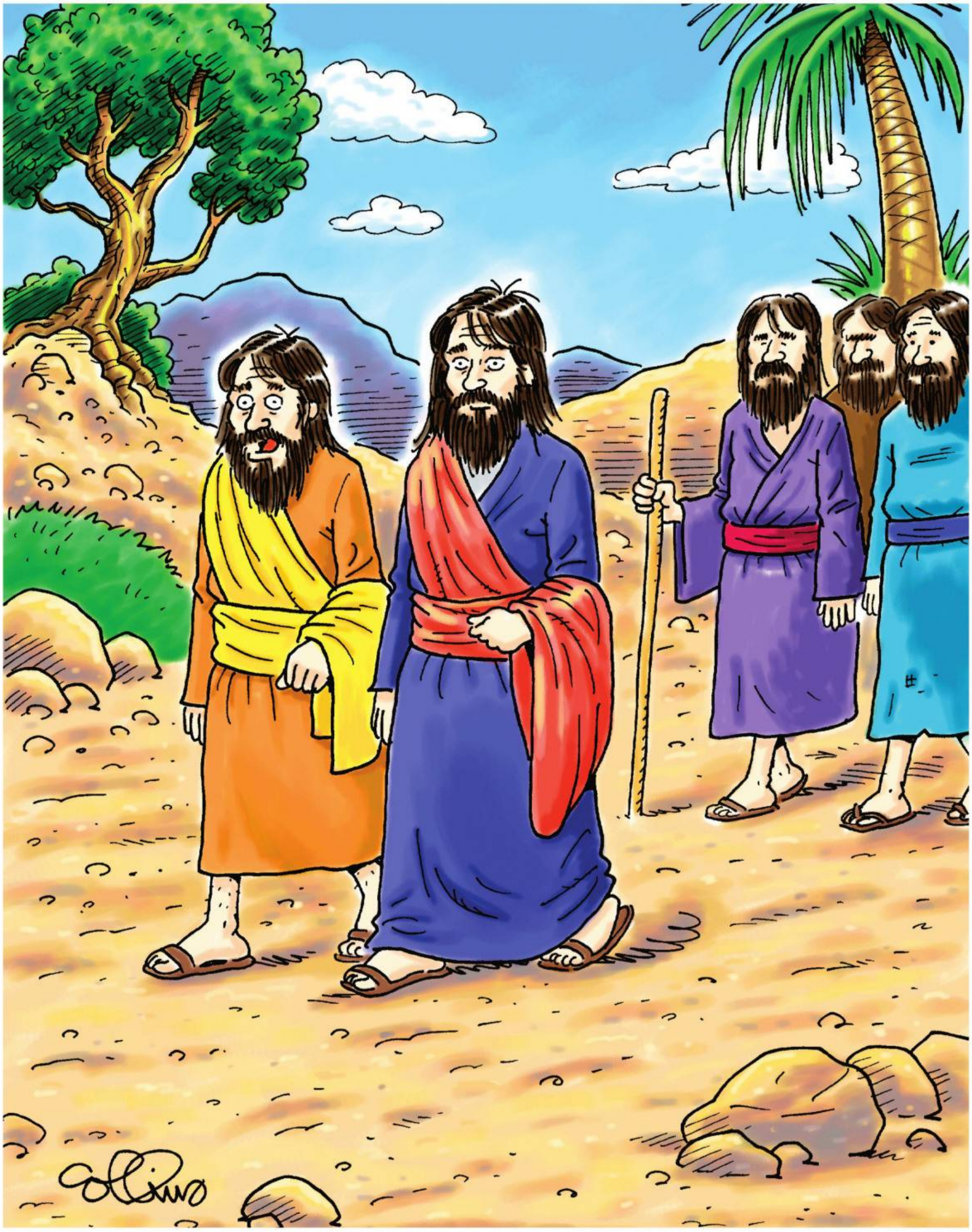
AN OPEN LETTER TO PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA

We, speaking of the nation, elected you. Now you have to do *your* job as our Chief of State. No excuses.

Your tasks are multifold: Restore our democracy. End the wars. Address global climate change and energy independence. Provide affordable healthcare. Eliminate election fraud. Fix our economy and, above all, keep your word to the people who have lost their jobs and homes.

You will be pressured to compromise. Don't sell out. Just run your government the way you ran your campaign for the Presidency. Lots of good people go to Washington with the best of intentions only to wind up as political hacks who do the bidding of special interests. You are better than that. Keep your promises, and you'll have the continued support of the American people.

Larry Flynt
Publisher



"You know we all love you, Jesus, and think of you as one of the fellas. But that joke you tell with the rabbi and the hooker with the harelip, it's just sort of uncomfortable."

BY KEITH VALCOURT

Better living through gadgets. TECH KNOW

X-CITING!

Our friends at Creative have always offered up top-notch MP3 players, but this time they have really outdone themselves. The new **Zen X-Fi** offers the ultimate in portable sound and vision. This digital media player has wireless LAN and is tailor-made for music, video and photos. Guaranteeing superior sound is Creative's X-Fi Crystalizer, a new technology that restores the highs and lows of music playback lost in ripping to MP3, WMA or AAC formats.

The **Zen X-Fi** is offered in 16GB and 32GB models, and both are equipped with an SD slot to add memory and storage capacity. It sounds great. It looks great. What more do you need?

Available at ***US.Creative.com***. Suggested retail price: $199.99 (16GB) and 279.99 (32GB).

BRING ME A BEER!

You know that fat bitch of a girlfriend you keep around because you're too lazy to get off the couch and grab your own beer? Time to dump her ass and get an **RC Cooler**!

This must-have mechanical wonder provides three things that guys can't get enough of: ice-cold refreshments, remote-control vehicles and convenience! Running on C batteries, the highly portable unit holds up to 12 cans or bottles and collapses for easy storage. The **RC Cooler** will make your life so easy, you may want to marry it.

Available at ***FingerHut.com***. Suggested retail price: $79.99.

FOR THE RECORD

Now you can put something more useful in the palm of your hand! The **Zoom H2 Handy Recorder** may be compact and weigh only 4 ounces, but it's a pro-quality device. You can capture everything: meetings, workshops, conferences, podcasts, live performances, songwriting sessions, rehearsals and even celebrity interviews. We use the **H2** here at HUSTLER!

Besides featuring top-notch 2-track audio, internal 4-mic capsules allow for several different polar patterns, while signal-processing capabilities enable the **H2** to convert audio data to 5.1 surround! Once you're done recording, you can use the built-in USB interface to easily download the audio content onto your computer to edit and listen to in iTunes or other programs.

Available at ***Buy.com***. Suggested retail price: $149.99.

CREATURE OF THE NIGHT

The cool-looking **EyeClops Night Vision Goggles** feature state-of-the-art infrared technology, but they're surprisingly affordable. The fully adjustable, comfort-padded set lets you see up to 50 feet in absolute darkness without anyone being able to spot you. With a Surveillance Mode for long-range recon scouting and a Stealth Mode for a close-up look, the **EyeClops Night Vision Goggles** are perfect for spying on that hot chick who lives in the apartment building next door. Not that you would do anything like that.

Available at ***ToysRUs.com***. Suggested retail price: $79.99.

GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Saints Row 2

Manufacturer: THQ

Format: PS3, Xbox 360

At first glance it's easy to dismiss ***SR2*** as just another *Grand Theft Auto* wannabe. Looking closer, you realize that even though both are open-environment, first-person games, they are vastly different. ***Saints Row 2*** is less a serious goal game than it is an over-the-top, free-form adventure complete with all the new vehicles, cursing and weapons you can handle. Our favorite: shock paddles that let you kill someone and then bring them back to life. If that's not enough, ***SR2*** is also Tera Patrick's favorite video game. The porn superstar may even appear as a sexy character available for download into your game. The ***Row*** rocks!

BLOODY GOOD

Vampire Rain: Altered Species

Manufacturer: Ignition Entertainment

Format: PS3

What is a group of busty beauties and their pals to do? All they want to do is enjoy a quiet evening in a creepy town when—wouldn't you know it?—vampires show up. The ladies must fight hard to survive, and along the way maybe a nipple might slip or an entire boob might pop out. Seriously, it happens. Not that you're into that kind of thing. For riveting action, blood and gore, ***Vampire Rain*** rivals *House of the Dead*. Plus, there are intermittent titties.

ALTERNATIVE UNIVERSE

Mortal Kombat vs. DC Universe

Manufacturer: Midway

Format: PS3, Xbox 360

In this corner the martial arts masters of *Mortal Kombat*. In the opposite corner all your DC Comics heroes and villains come to life, led by Superman, Wonder Woman, the Joker and Catwoman. Let the battles begin! This kickass fighter game blends *Mortal Kombat*'s trademark action with the coolest new graphics and moves imaginable. As for Wonder Woman, the ultimate SILF (Superhero I'd Like to Fuck) still looks stunning after all these years.

HEDGEHOG GONE WILD!

Sonic Unleashed

Manufacturer: Sega

Format: PS3, Wii, Xbox 360, PS2

First things first: ***Sonic Unleashed*** is not a video game featuring porn legend Ron "the Hedgehog" Jeremy. The main character is Sonic, and this time around, everybody's favorite blue fur ball is supercharged. It's like the little guy raided the fridge and drank all our Red Bull or something. Sonic races through a myriad of cool new environments (including night, day and vertical play), challenges and battles (check out his Stretching Arms Mechanic) with a fervor usually reserved for meth addicts on the TV reality show *Cops*.

The President & The Moneychangers

GREED AND GUTLESSNESS IN THE TEMPLE OF CONGRESS.

All you need to know about the roots of the 2008 financial meltdown is what happened just before Christmas 2000: Adjourning to celebrate the birth of the man who threw the moneylenders out of the temple, Congress invited them back in.

The Judas was Texas Republican Phil Gramm. As chairman of the Senate Banking Committee, he snuck a bill given to him by emissaries of Wall Street into totally unrelated legislation, which said the moneylenders could do whatever the hell they wanted.

Despite prophetic warnings from critics old enough to remember the Crash of '29, lame duck President Bill Clinton was also in bed with the banks, notably via his former Treasury Secretary, Robert Rubin. Clinton signed the misbegotten Commodity Futures Modernization Act, which made Gramm's gospel the law of the land. Americans have paid a steep price for it since.

"Greedy people and institutions don't like being monitored, and they have the means to corrupt governments and skirt laws."

While the entire bill was a deregulator's wet dream, the legislation's Title IV—"Legal Certainty for Bank Products Act of 2000"—would prove the most dangerous, providing financiers could legally get away with an array of "innovative" financial rip-off schemes. One of those provisions, summarized by the heading of Title III, ensured the "Legal Certainty for Swap Agreements," which successfully divorced the granters of subprime mortgage loans from any obligation to ever collect on them.

We all know what Pandora's box *that* opened: the housing bubble and subprime mortgage crisis, which led to bank bankruptcies and the $700-billion bailout. As with any Ponzi scheme, the perps (including the bankers as well as the legislators) expected to bail long before the bubble burst. The role of legislators, Republican-led but with far too many Democratic fellow travelers, was crucial to the success of the scam.

Nor was this the first time Gramm had carried water for Wall Street. The purpose of the earlier Gramm-Leach-Bliley Act—coauthored by Gramm and passed in 1999—was designed to "liberate" banks, stockbrokers and insurance companies from dividing walls imposed 70 years earlier during capitalism's darkest period. Having contributed heavily to Gramm's campaign during the previous five years, the financial community desperately wanted him to make sure the restrictions were released.

The major effect was to legitimize the long-sought merger between Citibank and insurance giant Travelers. Rubin's critical support for the bill was rewarded with a top job at Citibank (later Citigroup) paying more than $15 million a year. Despite his skills and vaunted position, Rubin was not spared the disastrous consequences of Citibank's subsequent financial manipulations. Tens of billions in bad mortgage and credit card debt placed the bank at the forefront of the current economic crisis.

As for Gramm, he was rewarded upon retirement with a top position at the Swiss-based UBS bank—now drowning in the subprime mortgage nightmare Gramm himself helped create. These folks have no shame, as was evidenced when the senator's wife, Wendy, was named a director of infamous Enron, whose roiling of the energy market had been made possible only through yet another provision of the Commodity Futures Modernization Act.

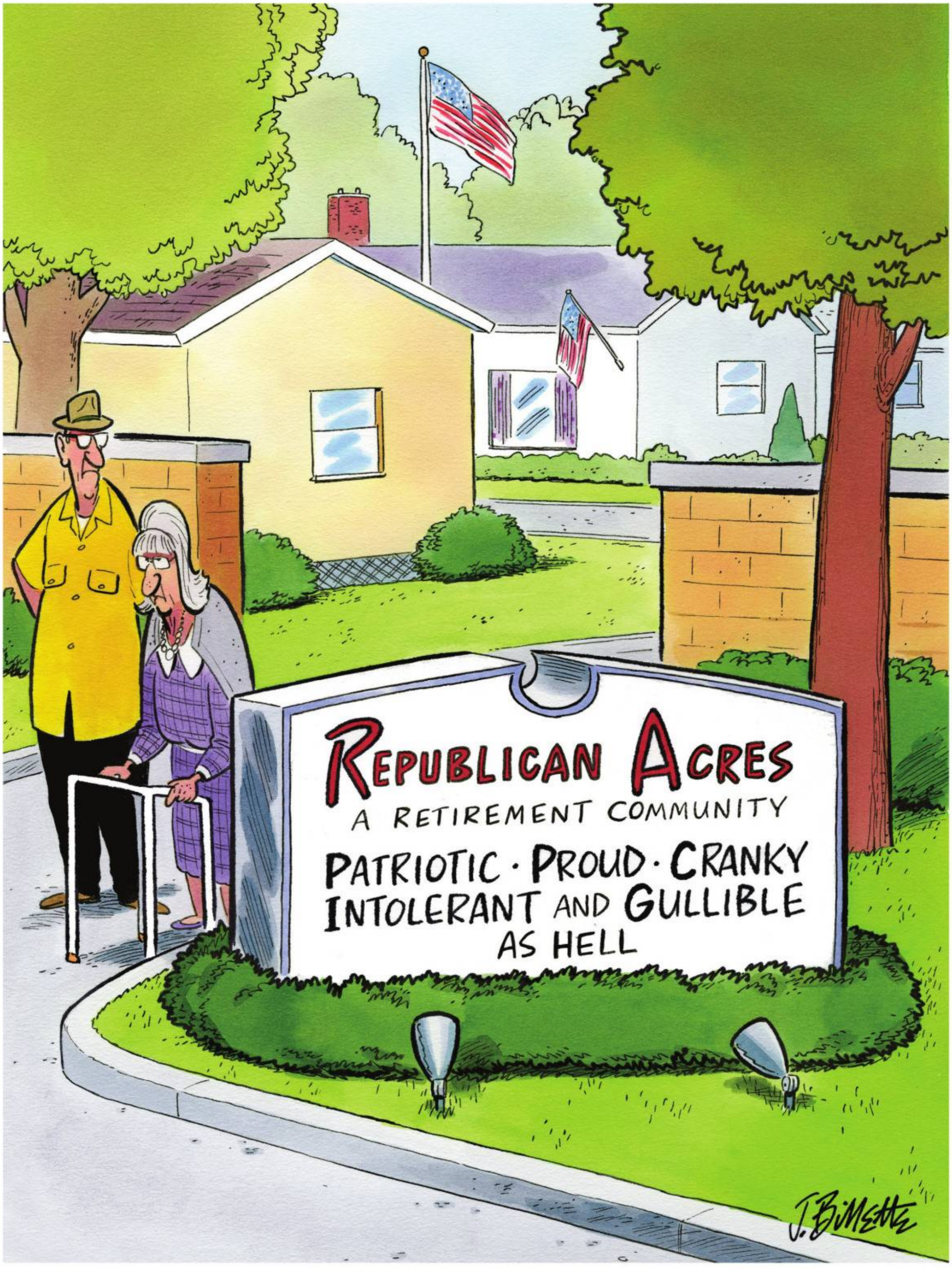
Showing us how corrupt politicians are, Gramm is still taken seriously as an impartial expert. McCain tapped the Texan as an economics adviser and co-chair of his 2008 campaign, although he had to nominally distance himself after Gramm made the hilariously impolitic statement that "we are a nation of whiners" in a "mental recession." Clinton's Secretary of the Treasury, Robert Rubin, was even sought by then-candidate Barack Obama as an expert on fixing the economic crisis Rubin helped create. Obama has at least shown unequivocally that he understands the roots of the crisis.

"Unfortunately, instead of establishing a 21st-century regulatory framework," Obama railed, "we simply dismantled the old one, aided by a legal but corrupt bargain in which campaign money all too often shaped policy and watered down oversight. We encouraged a winner-take-all, anything-goes environment that helped foster devastating dislocations in our economy."

Our new President should keep these Wall Street chameleons out of the White House and return to the wisdom of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the Depression-era President who saved capitalism from itself. Wealthy from birth, FDR knew the tendency of the ownership class to destroy itself with greed and hubris. But unlike Karl Marx, FDR believed the unraveling of capitalism was not inevitable if excesses could be corralled. Thus was born the idea of government regulation as the vital support structure for a fertile but unstable free market.

Unfortunately, greedy people and institutions don't like being monitored, and they have the means to corrupt governments and skirt laws. Our leaders need to find their integrity, grow a pair and do right by the people who pay their salaries—or we will do like Jesus did: Throw the bums out.

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America.*



"Wait! I've changed my mind!"

Missing: Assumed Rendered

WHERE HAVE THOUSANDS OF THE CIA'S "DISAPPEARED" PRISONERS GONE?

The CIA, a separate government within this country, continues its refusal to release more than 7,000 documents that can finally reveal what's happening to thousands of suspected terrorists—estimated at more than 20,000 by British civil liberties lawyer Clive Stafford Smith (*The Guardian*, September 29, 2008). After being taken into custody, they are now being detained in CIA secret prisons or in the prisons of other complicit countries. These kidnappings are filed somewhere as "extraordinary rendition."

In some European countries whose citizens have become "ghost prisoners," disappearances are being investigated. In Italy, arrest warrants were issued for 25 CIA agents implicated in the "rendition" of an Egyptian citizen from Italian soil. And, as reported in *The Guardian*, demands are being made in Parliament for the British government to find out "how many people have been handed over, where they are now and what has been done to them."

Human Rights First reported on September 15, 2008: "Thirty-eight retired [U.S.] generals and admirals appealed to the United States Senate to enact legislation ending the practice of holding 'ghost detainees' by requiring that the International Committee of the Red Cross (ICRC) be notified of and given access to all prisoners in the custody of the U.S. intelligence community, including those held in secret prisons."

The Red Cross, of course, is not yet allowed inside "black sites." Will this new Congress and President give a damn about the "disappeared"? Any mention of "ghost prisoners" totally disappeared from the 2008 Presidential campaigns.

Back on January 28, 2003, George W. Bush—in a chilling public statement—showed his support for the CIA's theme song, "the gloves are off," in the war against purported jihadists. Said the leader of the free world: "More than 3,000 suspected terrorists have been arrested in many countries. Many others have met a different fate. Let's put it this way—they are no longer a problem to the United States and our friends and allies." Sounds like a memo from the Mafia.

The CIA does not deny that these "enforced disappearances," as they are known in its kidnapping division, "will continue"—as it stated in answer to a court case demanding the CIA hand over the information. That division has been the CIA's nexus of evil for the past eight years, giving its agents "legal" license to do whatever the hell they want, including any form of torture short of death.

"What are we going to do with these people? Are they going to disappear? Are they stateless? Are they dead? Are they alive? What are we gonna say when people start asking questions?"

During a June 18, 2008, Senate Armed Services Committee hearing a secret memo was revealed from an October 2002 meeting of the CIA and Defense Department lawyers at Guantanamo. CIA counterterrorism lawyer Jonathan Freedman instructed them: Torture is "basically subject to perception. If the detainee dies, you're doing it wrong."

The question for the new administration is the same one that Jack Cloonan—an agonized FBI agent on the bin Laden squad—asked Ted Koppel on *Nightline* in May 2004: "What are we going to do with these people [in the secret CIA cages]? Are they going to disappear? Are they stateless? What are we gonna explain to people when they start asking questions about where they are? Are they dead? Are they alive? What oversight does Congress have?"

The same Jack Cloonan had lamented: "We're trying to change the hearts and minds in certain parts of the world. That's arguably one of the reasons for going into Iraq. I find this [the ghost prisoners] frankly counterproductive."

A few prisoners have been released from those legal black holes, and the stories they have told have spurred al Qaeda's recruiting of jihadists. Also, European intelligence services have become wary of cooperating with the CIA in legitimate activities because Article 7 of the Treaty on European Union stipulates that a member state that seriously violates principles of democracy and respect for human rights can lose its voting rights and even be requested to withdraw.

European reports suggest that 14 countries within Europe cooperated with CIA kidnappings of their citizens into secret prisons.

These torture investigations by European Union cadres, and by individual nations, will continue through 2009 at least. As more evidence of collusions with CIA torturers of European citizens comes forth, the Bush Administration will have further obstructed its cooperation with those allies in its war on terrorism and further antagonized many citizens of those countries. Meanwhile, bin Laden—in his well-appointed hideout—laughs heartily.

Here in America, back when we had a rule of law, Justice Wiley Rutledge—disagreeing with the U.S. Supreme Court's 1948 decision in *Ahrens* v. *Clark*—wrote: There "may be instances arising in the future where persons are wrongfully detained in places unknown.... These dangers may seem unreal in the United States. But the experience of less fortunate countries should serve as a warning."

They served as a model.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*

"Take her home...ride her really hard...and if she continues to make funny noises, put a pillow over her face."

Confessions of a TV Pundit

BIG MOUTHS, BIG PAY AND BIG LIES MAKE FOR A VERITABLE BOOB TUBE CIRCUS.

In this multimedia world, finding the truth can be a tricky thing. Everyone, both on the Right and on the Left, claims to be offering up the truth. But who is right, and who is wrong?

It's a liberal conceit that people on the Left always tell the truth while people on the Right always lie. In fact, neither Left nor Right has a franchise on the truth; both distort it, at least some of the time.

So whom do you believe? As a leftist, I believe George W. Bush to be a foul, immoral, international criminal. To a right-winger, Bush was just doing his job, protecting America by fighting for democracy and capitalism in a world beset by terrorists. Bush said the reason the terrorists hate us is because they are jealous. Of what, I haven't figured out.

The worst example of dueling realities can be found on cable TV, where we are beset by pundits on all sides of the political spectrum. The punditocracy is an entirely new entity created by news networks too lazy and too cheap to fill their airwaves with a little something called honest journalism. Being a pundit, in case you didn't know, is usually a paid position. Paul Begala, Bill Bennett, Ed Schultz and Donna Brazile are simply mouths for hire. They don't necessarily have a passion for truth; they are grabbed from the pool of radio talk show hosts, journalists and former political advisers chasing TV careers.

The pundit is expected to be provocative first and accurate second. You see them all the time in little boxes surrounding the host, sometimes as many as four at a time, looking like a bizarre version of *The Brady Bunch*. They fight with each other, presenting their arguments as fact. Thrilled to have a good fight on his show, the host lets it continue, seldom challenging the fucked-up misrepresentations or outright inaccuracies of either side.

Then there is what cable sees as diversity—liberals and neocons in equal numbers. But you'll never find a socialist or true conservative for they are much too boring and, God help us, they might be in possession of actual facts. It really is lazy television. Just start these liberals and neocons talking, then sit back as the minutes fly by.

In the interest of full disclosure, I too have occasionally functioned as a TV pundit. For about ten weeks I pretended to know what I was talking about on *Tucker* over at MSNBC. Overall, it was a very pleasant experience. No matter what you might think of Tucker Carlson, he treated me very well.

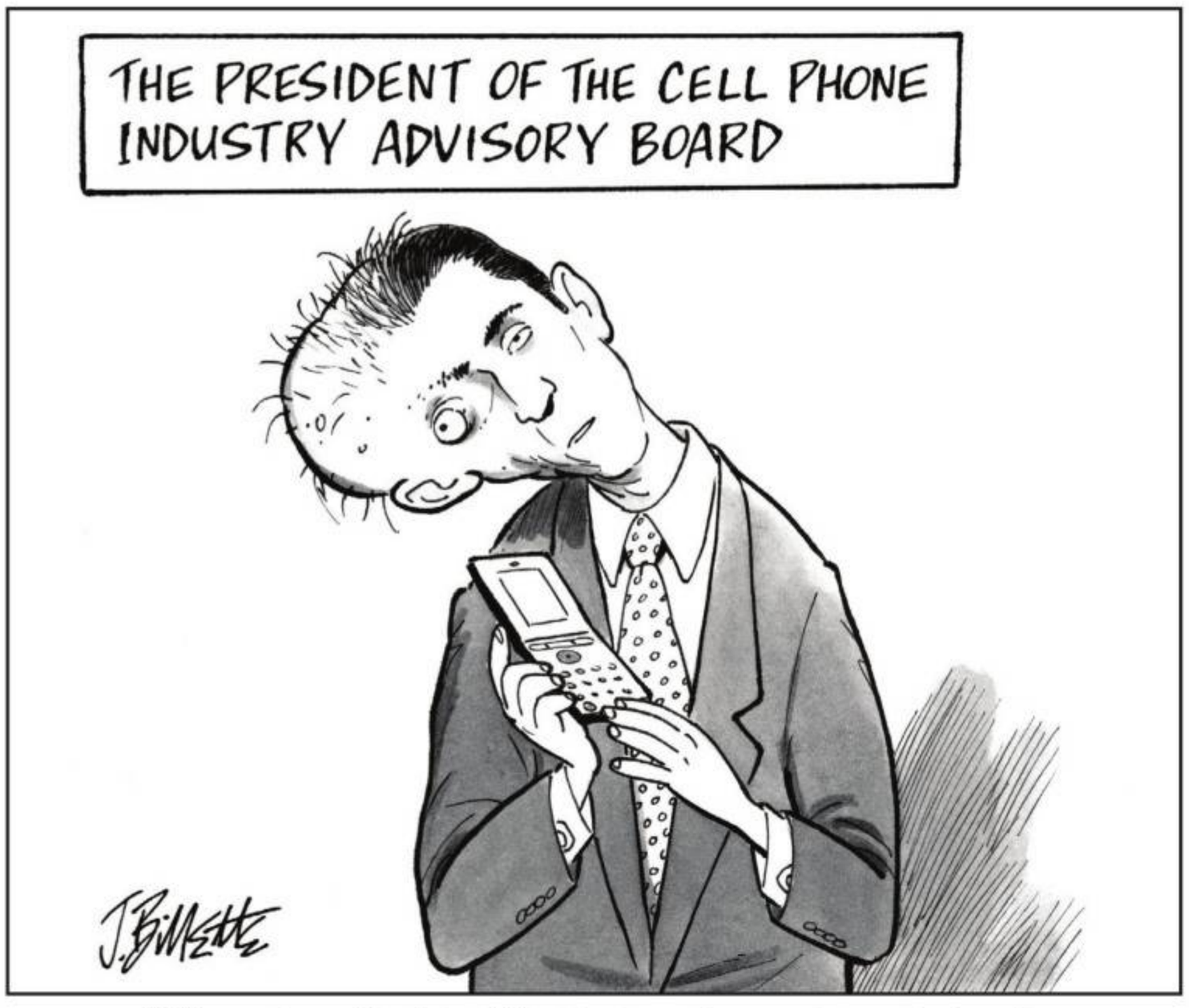
On the show I was always paired up with this guy who had an opinion 180 degrees from mine and about 90 degrees from Tucker's. Throughout these segments we were expected to have an opinion on everything thrown at us.

Although doing the show was fun, the physical setup was disconcerting. I was in a bathroom-size New York studio with a robot camera and an earpiece so I could hear everybody. I couldn't see anything but had to act as if I did. My opponent was in Florida, Tucker in Washington, and the control room in New Jersey. Despite the distances involved, the art was to make it all look easy and seamless.

Fox News, believe it or not, has always been civil to me in spite of my "lefty" leanings. Oh, sure, one time the makeup woman jokingly remarked, "Gee, a liberal. We don't see them a lot around here."

That happened when I was doing a Neil Cavuto show addressing the subject of wearing flag pins. Cavuto thought that, as a lefty, I would be against them. When I told him I wasn't, he tried to push me into taking an anti-flag pin position. He wanted a confrontation even though I kept saying that liberals in general don't look down on people who wear them. In the end he didn't get his pound of flesh. Of course, it may just be paranoia on my part, but Cavuto has never asked me back.

Pundits are a dime a dozen. A few of them even make really good money. But really smart people rarely make it to these forums, either because they aren't willing to participate in "The Big Show" mentality or because they just don't want to be seen in the company of fools no matter how big the paycheck. Until these things change, the circus will continue.



"The rumor that mobile phone usage can cause brain tumors in humans is patently false."

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting at age 14, currently calls Sirius Left 146 his radio home.

DOUBLE FEATURE!

HUSTLER® invites you to the movies

HUSTLER VIDEO

HustlerHollywood.com

Helter Bush

I was glad to see you interviewed Vincent Bugliosi [Holiday '08]. I read his book *The Prosecution of George W. Bush for Murder*. In my opinion it's one of the most historic books ever written.

Back in 1998 Mr. Bugliosi was on the Rick Barber show on 850 KOA in Colorado. I had the opportunity to ask him what he'd learned from the Charles Manson trial. He said, "I think the Manson case, more than anything else, was a reaffirmation of the fact that whenever people turn over their minds to an authoritarian figure, whether it's on the far Left or the far Right, the potential for this type of madness exists."

On 9/11, Bugliosi's response came back to haunt me, as it has during related events afterwards. In a way the American public is like Manson followers Susan Atkins and Tex Watson. The 9/11 attacks threw us for a loop, and everyone was looking for something to believe in. What did we do? We invaded an innocent country and got butchered along with our enemies, all for a man who told us he talked directly to a "higher father." Anyone who disagreed was branded a traitor and unpatriotic.

That is exactly the same type of madness Bugliosi described. If Bush isn't prosecuted, he will have received a free ride for going on a killing spree. Thank you, Mr. Bugliosi, for saying the things that every American should have been saying all along.

—Wylie A. Hnat
Coralville, Iowa

Faith-Based Porn

I'm glad that good ol' HUSTLER finally put a hard cock in Faith Hill's mouth! ["Celebrity Fantasy," Holiday '08]. Her naughty, country mouth is just made for sucking cock—and lots of it! I also have to say that the Holiday cover with Jana Cova is a classic. She looks so much better than she ever did in *Penthouse*!

—Dennis Comstock
Muskegon, Michigan

Strokus Interruptus

What's up with the free DVDs sucking lately? I buy the newsstand copy of HUSTLER for the bonus DVD, and the fucking thing skips all the way through.

And while I'm on the subject, the last one sucked ass too! How the hell can you call a porn movie *Gapes of Wrath* and not have at least one gaping pussy or asshole? I guess I'm going to have to stop buying HUSTLER. Might as well vote Republican too, assholes!

You know, I looked forward to one thing every month—the new HUSTLER—and you've managed to make that suck ass. Thank you. I'd say keep up the good work, but I just don't see that happening. I'm not writing this to see my letter in next month's issue. I'm writing it so maybe you'll get your heads out of your asses and do your fucking jobs!

—Joe P.
Aurora, Illinois

We're on it! Effective with the Holiday '08 issue, our bonus DVDs will contain four hours of scenes from recent HUSTLER videos. We think you'll see a huge difference in quality.

Hikers for Hannah

I'm a 28-year-old first-time writer, and I just wanted to say HUSTLER Magazine is always one to keep around. Your January '07 issue (which I dug out of my brother's smut pile) is my all-time favorite, partly because of the great Steve-O interview and gorgeous Hannah Hilton. She's one of the hottest females I've ever seen. I couldn't believe my eyes! Plus, Hannah says she likes to go camping and hiking, so she's not afraid to get a little dirty. Now that's sexy!

—Tom B.
Hillsboro, Missouri

A real keeper: Hannah Hilton steamed up our January '07 and December '08 issues.

Hannah Hilton had a slam-bang encore in our December '08 issue.

Bargain Poon

Even though I don't agree with Mr. Flynt's political views, I must say that HUSTLER is a good, informative magazine full of laughs and beautiful women. How else am I going to see so many gorgeous gals naked? I'm not rich, and pussy ain't cheap, but magazines are! And thanks for your eulogy to a great comedian, *Remembering George Carlin* [Holiday '08]. I hope your next issue will be just as good!

—Mike Breedlove
McLeansville, North Carolina

Cruel and Unusual

I have been placed in a state correctional facility where HUSTLER and other adult magazines are banned. I am taking up the fight to reverse this. According to my information, an institution cannot ban an entire publication, only certain issues, and a [review] board must meet to decide in each case. I am sure that is not happening.

I believe that this prison's policy violates freedom of the press and speech, and I vow to fight it on behalf of Pennsylvania's 60,000-plus inmates. Maybe one day we'll be able to read HUSTLER again. Thanks, and bless you for all you've done.

—Ryan P. Zimmer
Albion, Pennsylvania

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

Cadbury

LIFE IS SWEET!

(And sometimes shorter than expected.)

Don't believe everything you read. You may have heard that our candy bars were poisoned with melamine. This dangerous, nitrogen-rich compound—used in the manufacture of plastics and other industrial products—can cause urinary bladder stones, kidney damage, even death. Those stories about our candy bars are categorically false!

The contaminated candy bars never made it to the United States. Most of the poisoned chocolate ended up in Europe and the Far East. Some people over there may have croaked, but no Americans have been harmed (as far as we know). In any case we would never knowingly put melamine in our candy bars. The melamine was in the milk that we'd bought from China. We were shocked to find out the Chinese would do such a thing. It's not like they had previously poisoned baby formula or dog food…. Oh, wait….

Now 99% Poison Free!

(You can't expect us to be 100% sure.)

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is commentary on a candy company that may have cut corners by using questionable ingredients that poisoned its chocolate bars—another example of putting profit first and consumer safety last. For more info, go to **FAO.org** and **ConsumerAffairs.com**. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Henry Paulson

Henry "Hank" Paulson should be in prison. As the head of Goldman Sachs, this scumbag stole from the American people by bundling billions of dollars in shaky subprime mortgages. Then, as Secretary of the Treasury since 2006, he stole from us again with his pro-Wall Street bailout, which was delineated on all of three—count 'em, three—pages!

Paulson's proposal demanded the immediate turnover of 700 billion taxpayer dollars with the understanding there would be no oversight, no option for redress and no punishment for the CEOs who'd created the problem. (Remember: Paulson had been one of those CEOs.) Summing up the outrage on Capitol Hill, California Representative Brad Sherman bristled, "They gave Congress a ransom note: 'We've got your 401(k), and if you want to see your 401(k) alive again, give us $700 billion in unmarked bills.' "

It's worth noting that in April 2007, Paulson—this Asshole who wanted us to blindly trust his financial "wisdom"—dismissed the pending collapse of the subprime mortgage market: "I don't see [it] imposing a serious problem. I think it's going to be largely contained." In October '07 he stated: "I can't think of any situation where the backdrop of the global economy was as healthy as it is today." In May 2008 he opined, "The worst is likely to be behind us."

On September 15, 2008, when asked about the meltdown, Paulson stammered: "The biggest part of that housing correction can be behind us in a number of months." This was only ten days before he waved his three-page ransom note at Congress, a mere two weeks before the stock market collapse.

Based on Paulson's aforementioned actions and comments, the Secretary of the Treasury should be replaced immediately. But a more thorough examination might well suggest he should be put on trial for treason, found guilty and quickly hanged from the nearest street light.

At the root of our financial crisis is the Bush Administration's mad embrace of the Milton Friedman school of economics, which champions unrestricted capitalism, i.e., massive deregulation! Let the market rule no matter who gets screwed. When Friedman died in 2006, Paulson ranked him "among the great economists."

The Friedman doctrine, a/k/a the Chicago School, got its foothold in America under President Ronald Reagan, but it was George W. who—like a drunk behind the wheel of his car—stepped on the accelerator, driving our economy into a brick wall. That's hardly surprising: Friedman's economic philosophy has been an utter failure (for everyone but the rich) wherever it's been tried: Chili, Argentina, Poland, Russia, South Africa, etc.

Back when Paulson was at the helm of Goldman Sachs, you can be certain he had lobbyists chipping away at those few Wall Street regulations still in place. As a matter of fact, Paulson took a more direct hand in 2004 by urging that the SEC allow investment banks to carry more debt. It was the SEC's capitulation to this boneheaded demand that led directly to the meltdown. For example, when Bear Stearns went belly-up, the company owed $33 for every dollar it had in equity. Consequently, when homeowners defaulted on their shady mortgages, Bear Stearns did not have enough money to cover its debts.

Unlike the rest of us, Paulson should still have a nice retirement package. When appointed Treasury Secretary, he "divested" his Goldman Sachs holdings by placing them in a trust. Not surprisingly, his former outfit has already gotten $20 billion to buy out insurance behemoth AIG. Can you say "conflict of interest"?

The compromise hammered out in Congress gave the appearance of oversight. But Paulson made an end run around that by hiring private investment firms such as BlackRock, Pacific Investment Management and Legg Mason to help manage the bailout.

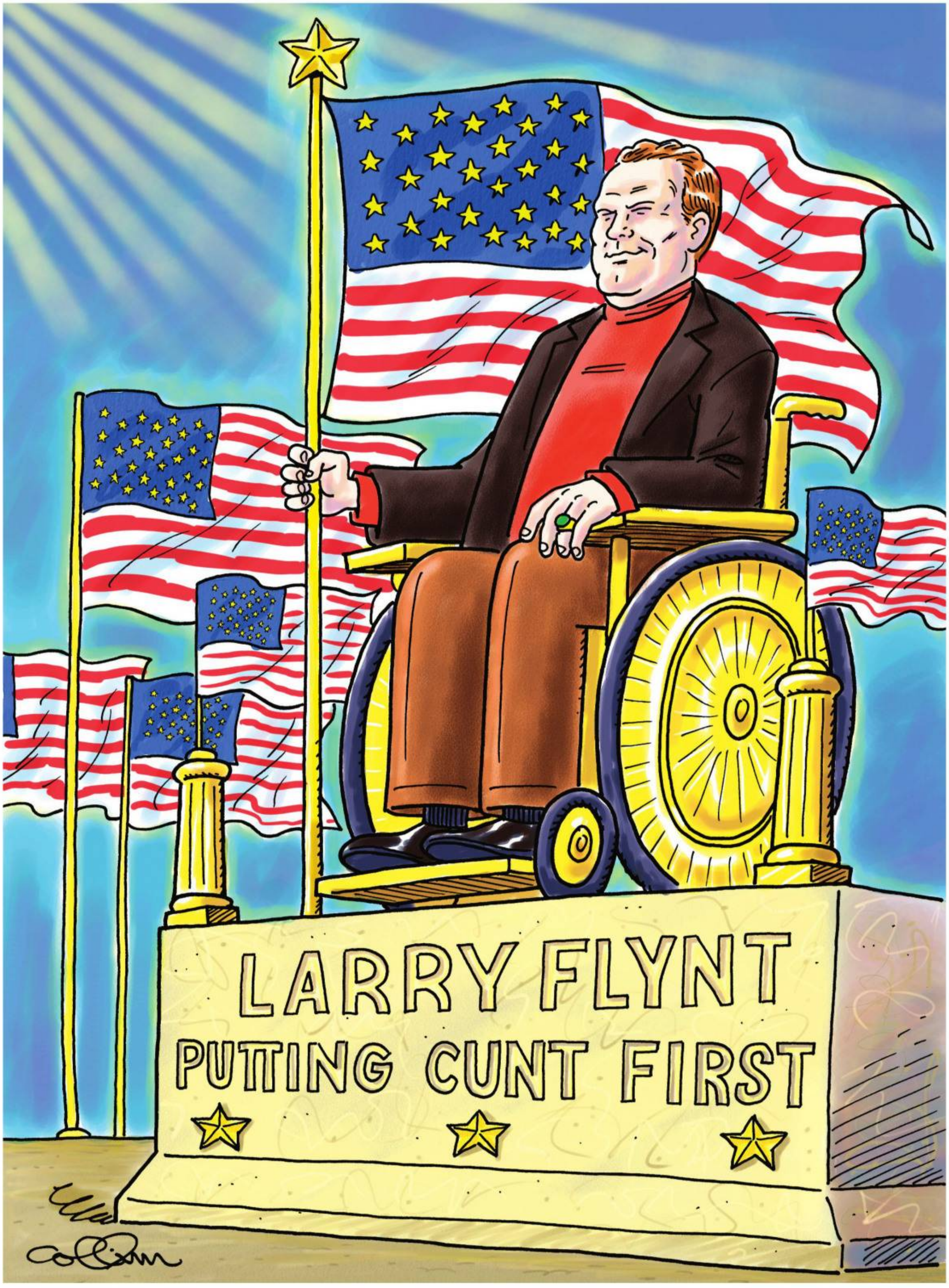
While giving lip service to the regulation of his fellow CEO bandits, Paulson let Lehman Brothers' executives award themselves $100 million in "bonuses" a mere three days before the bailout was passed. And just days after receiving its $85-billion loan, AIG proceeded with plans to send its top execs (and their families) on a $440,000 vacation retreat, complete with spa treatments, banquets and golf.

The bailout is clearly designed to help the crooks who set the meltdown in motion while ignoring its fundamental cause: those shaky subprime mortgages foisted off on unwitting homeowners. Saving Goldman Sachs et al. will do nothing to fix the economy itself; that would require drastic measures similar to Franklin D. Roosevelt's in the 1930s: buying up and repackaging distressed mortgages and then selling them back to individual homeowners at more favorable rates. This would significantly reduce foreclosures, thus ending the meltdown.

U.S. Treasury secretaries are immortalized with their John Hancocks on paper currency. However, bills bearing Paulson's name should have VOID stamped on them. One critic observed, "You realize things are bad when the average person on the street knows the name of the Secretary of the Treasury." Remember the name Henry Paulson when you reach 75 and still have to work a second job at Wal-Mart just to pay the rent.

FARTS IN THE WIND

•**CHRISTOPHER COX**, chairman of the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission, testified at a September 2008 Congressional hearing, where he said, "This market is ripe for fraud and manipulation." Sure, because Cox himself castrated the SEC. Among his myriad ethical lapses: deleting 136 references to SEC memos, meetings and comments contained in the regulatory agency's report on the Bear Stearns collapse—a clear indication that the SEC did nothing to oversee or prevent the firm's disastrous investments. Financial reporter Scot Paltrow wrote that Cox and his lackeys were so bad at their jobs that many of the best people quit. After years as a fanatical believer in deregulation, Cox now calls the Gramm-Leach-Bliley Act—which set the stage for the subprime mortgage fiasco—"a costly mistake." But Cox is a day late and $700 billion short.


LARRY FLYNT
PUTTING CUNT FIRST

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

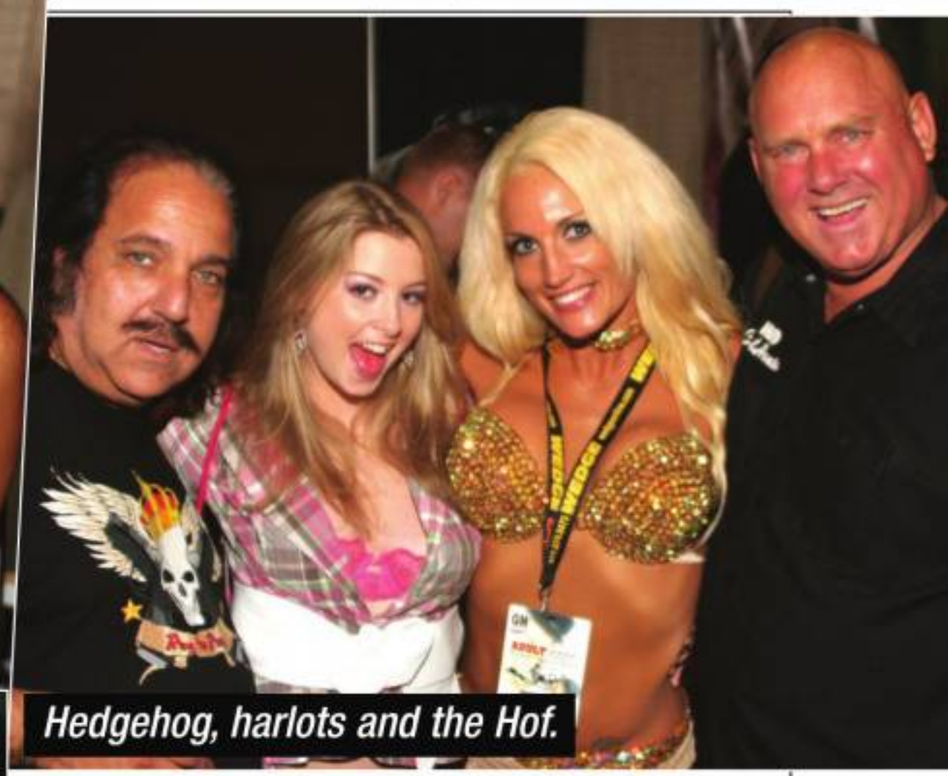
Casey Parker gets two stars.

Nina Mercedez

Go get 'em, tiger!

Daisy Marie

Bigger is better?!



Hedgehog, harlots and the Hof.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Pole stars and porn stars mixed and mingled with googly-eyed fans at the Mandalay Bay casino in Las Vegas during the 16th Gentlemen's Club Owners Expo. The annual extravaganza is *the* place to be for autograph signings, photo-ops and lavish costume contests as thousands of crumpled dollar bills change hands. The latest installment culminated with a gaudy burlesque show, proving once again that strippers are the most flexible women in the world!

"For flavor, instant sex will never supersede the stuff you have to peel and cook." —QUENTIN CRISP, WRITER

CENSORED COMICS?

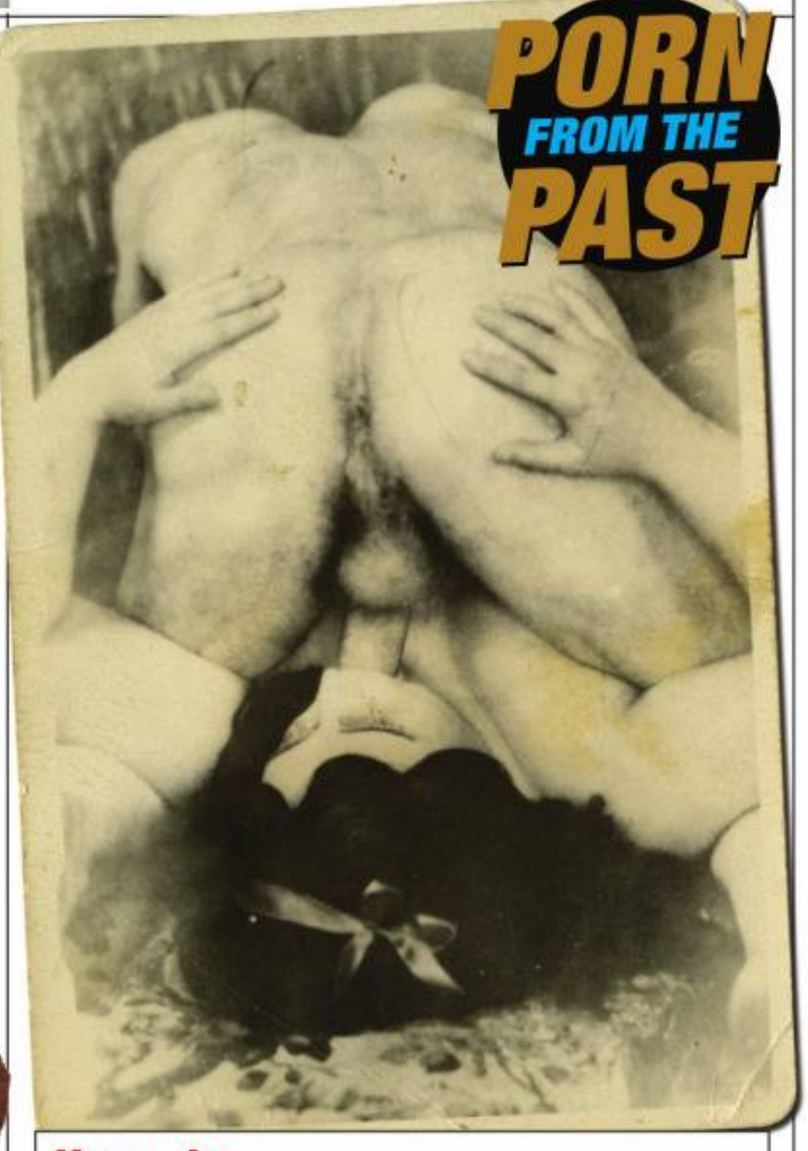
The latest issue of HUSTLER HUMOR may be the best yet. Just look at the cover! As always, it's packed with the edgy cartoons and dirty jokes you've come to expect. Plus, look at the cover! What?! You've never read HUSTLER HUMOR?! What's wrong with you? It's the most hilarious publication since *Mad* magazine. As a matter of fact, it's like *Mad* for adults.

The latest edition is on newsstands now. Pick it up! Did we mention the awesome cover?

If you can't find HUSTLER HUMOR at the newsstand, send a $10 check (payable to LFP Publishing Group, LLC) to LFP Back Issues, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. For credit card orders, e-mail BackIssues@LFP.com. International orders not accepted.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Valentine's Day Tip #1

PORN FROM THE PAST



How do we love thee? Let us count the ways. One, two, three, 69! Thanks to R.B. from Indianapolis for this lovely couple.

Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"I should think that being my old lady would be all the satisfaction or career any woman needs." —MICK JAGGER OF THE ROLLING STONES

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Sarah Palin* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

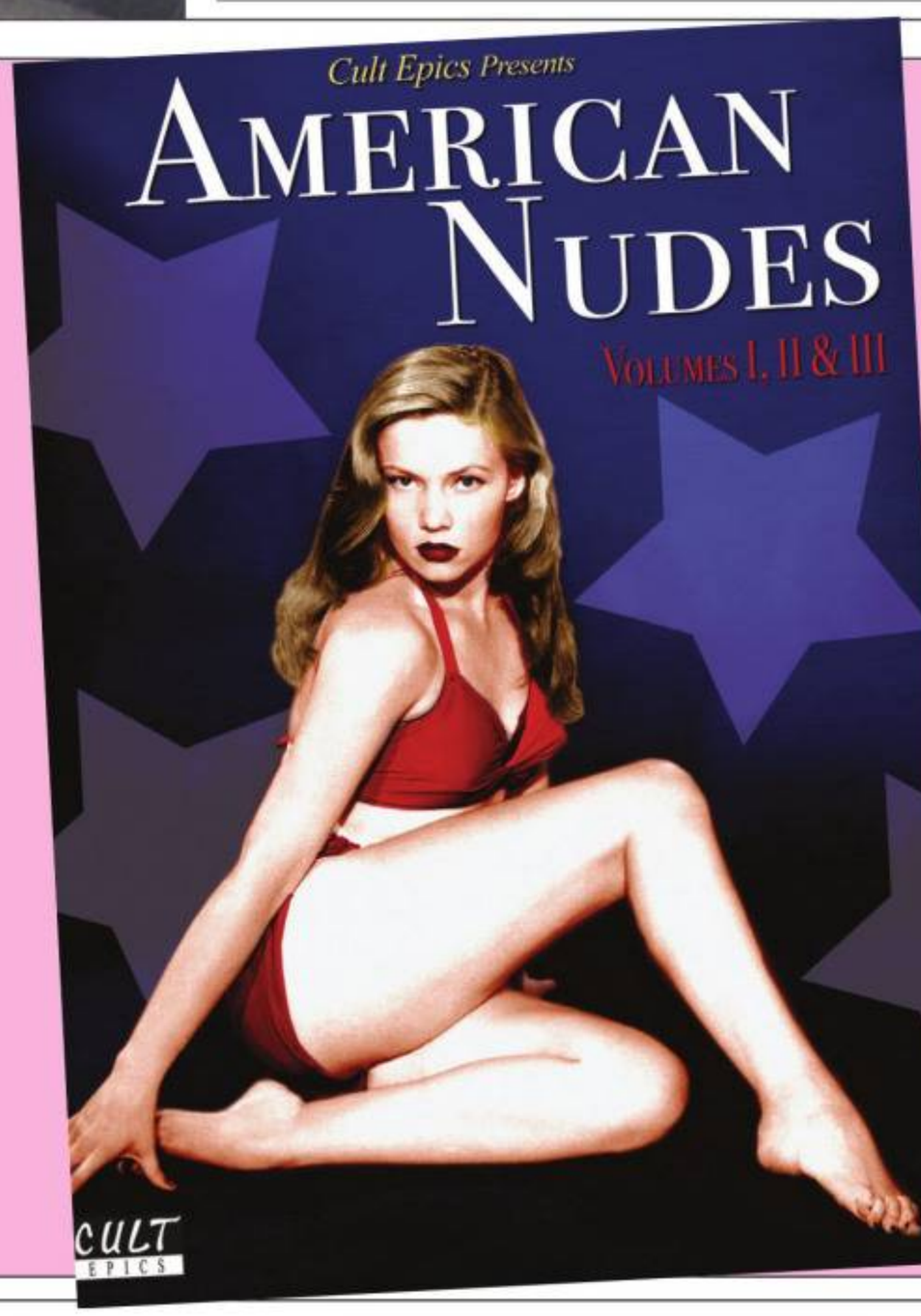
God, that woman can ramble on. Here's our way of shutting her up. Well, golly gee, gosh, there, Sarah, you look swell!

DISCLAIMER. Parody; no such picture of Sarah Palin exists—that we know of, although John McCain may be holding out on us. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose—just like Sarah Palin!

NEWS BABES

There are countless reasons why people might want to move to Arizona, including year-round warm weather, the low cost of housing and Andrea Robinson. One look at this hottie, who delivers the news on Fox Channel 10 in Phoenix, and our bags are packed! Thanks to local viewer B.F. for submitting Ms. Robinson.

To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture) to HUSTLER News Babes, c/o *Bits & Pieces,* 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.



HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL

For a nice blast of old school, check out the *American Nudes* series from Cult Epics. Featuring risqué loops, vintage softcore flicks and XXX action from the 1930s through the 1970s, these DVDs may make you nostalgic for a time when porn chicks had bush. Or not. Look for *American Nudes Volume I, II & III* at **CultEpics.com**.

❤ BUCKY BEAVER'S Valentine's Day Tip #2 ❤

NEWSBITES

Udderly Ridiculous

An Ohio woman may have gotten a touch of mad cow disease, explaining why she decided to chase kids through a suburban neighborhood recently. During her rampage the apparently intoxicated troublemaker even stopped to urinate on a homeowner's front porch. But that's not the weird part. The weird part was her running around in a cow costume the whole time. The berserk bovine wannabe was arrested and charged with disorderly conduct. Guess she'll have to moooove to another neighborhood.

Burning Desire

A Japanese man set a fire in an Osaka adult-video theater, killing 15 patrons. The suspected arsonist, of course, escaped unharmed. Note to suicidal assholes, especially the fuck who started this tragic inferno: If you want to kill yourself, do it quietly at home so no one else gets hurt. We can't afford to lose any more die-hard porn enthusiasts.

Fantastic Facial

For years we have been trying to convince women that a facial is good for their skin. Further proof comes from Cambodia, where a pharmaceutical product originally intended for sex-industry workers has become a popular acne cure. Women in the Southeast Asian nation are now flocking to buy Number One Plus condoms, believing that the lubricant on them will get rid of their acne. See, ladies? Rubbing a dick on your face is a very good thing. Medically speaking, of course.

Panties Pot Shot

What do you do when you don't like the chick who lives next door? Well, if you're like one pissed-off Italian man, you just pull out your rifle and shoot the ladies' panties hanging on her clothesline. Local authorities reported that the two neighbors had been feuding for years when one of them finally resorted to target practice. Shooting a woman's underwear? That seems like a cheap shot.

EVERYBODY LOVES HUSTLER

This photo of the Eagles of Death Metal demonstrates how handgun violence can ruin an afternoon. Next time we'll remember to bring more than one copy. Our exclusive interview with EoDM (who don't play death metal) begins on page 100.

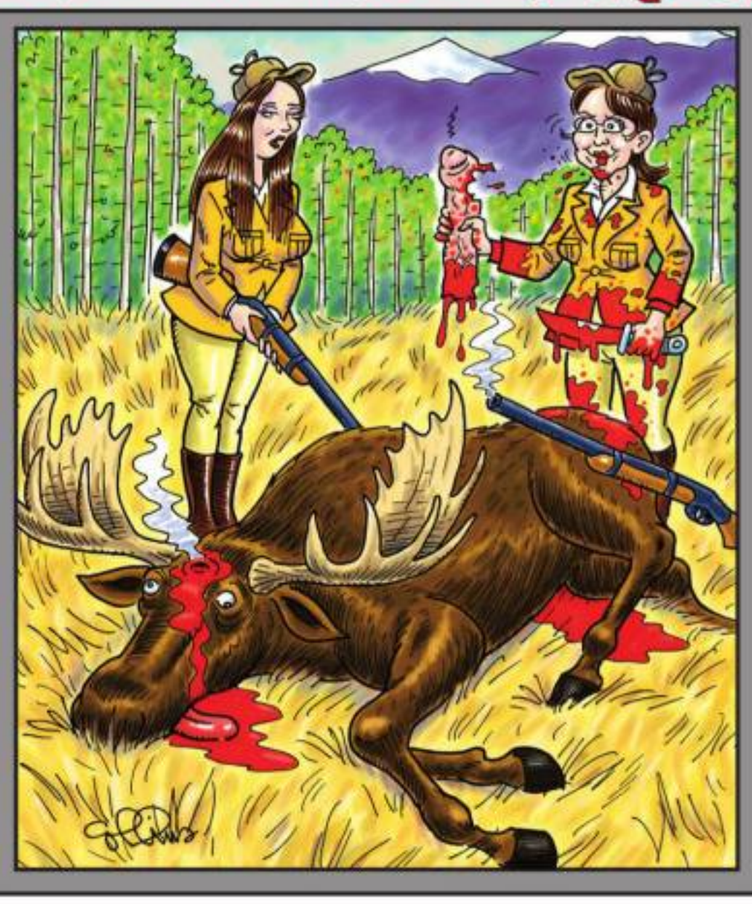
Sign of the Times

No way we're buying a couch or end tables from a place called Badcock. And what the hell does "& More" mean? Thanks to R.B. of Aspen, Colorado, for this entry.

Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

❤ BUCKY BEAVER'S Valentine's Day Tip #3 ❤

"MOST TASTELESS CARTOON"



"Mom, tell me again why a Palin woman must kill a moose and eat his penis."

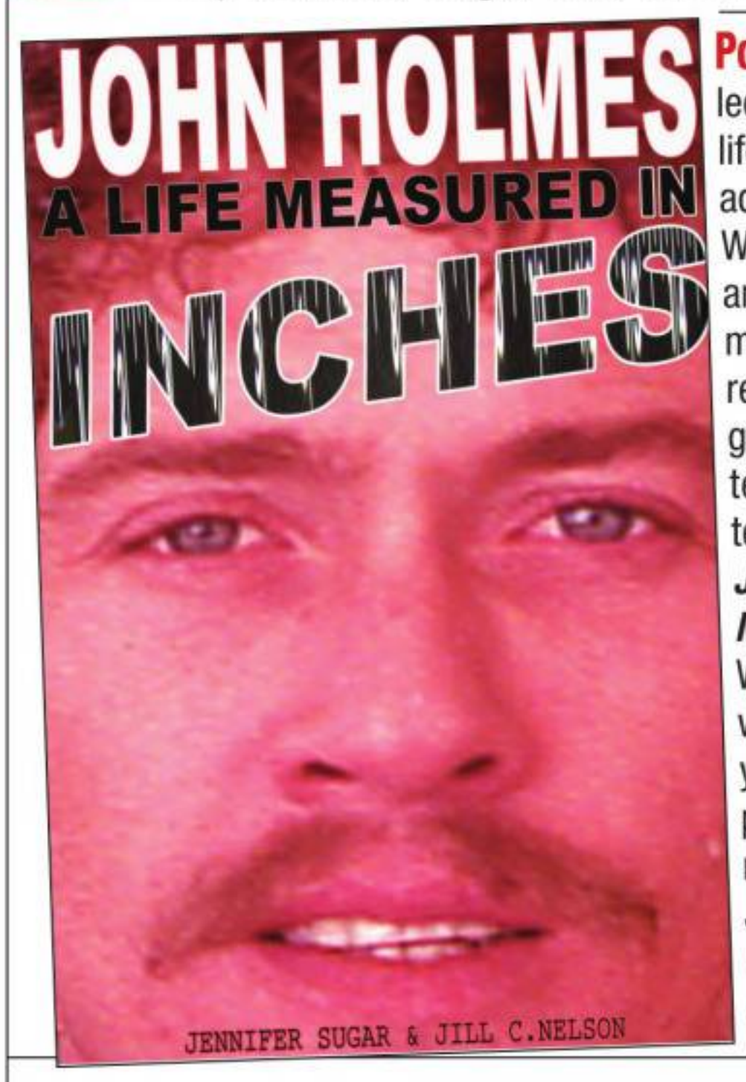
"It is one of the superstitions of the human mind to have imagined that virginity could be a virtue." —VOLTAIRE, PHILOSOPHER

"Sex is emotion in motion." —MAE WEST, ACTRESS

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

John Holmes: A Life Measured in Inches

By Jennifer Sugar and Jill C. Nelson

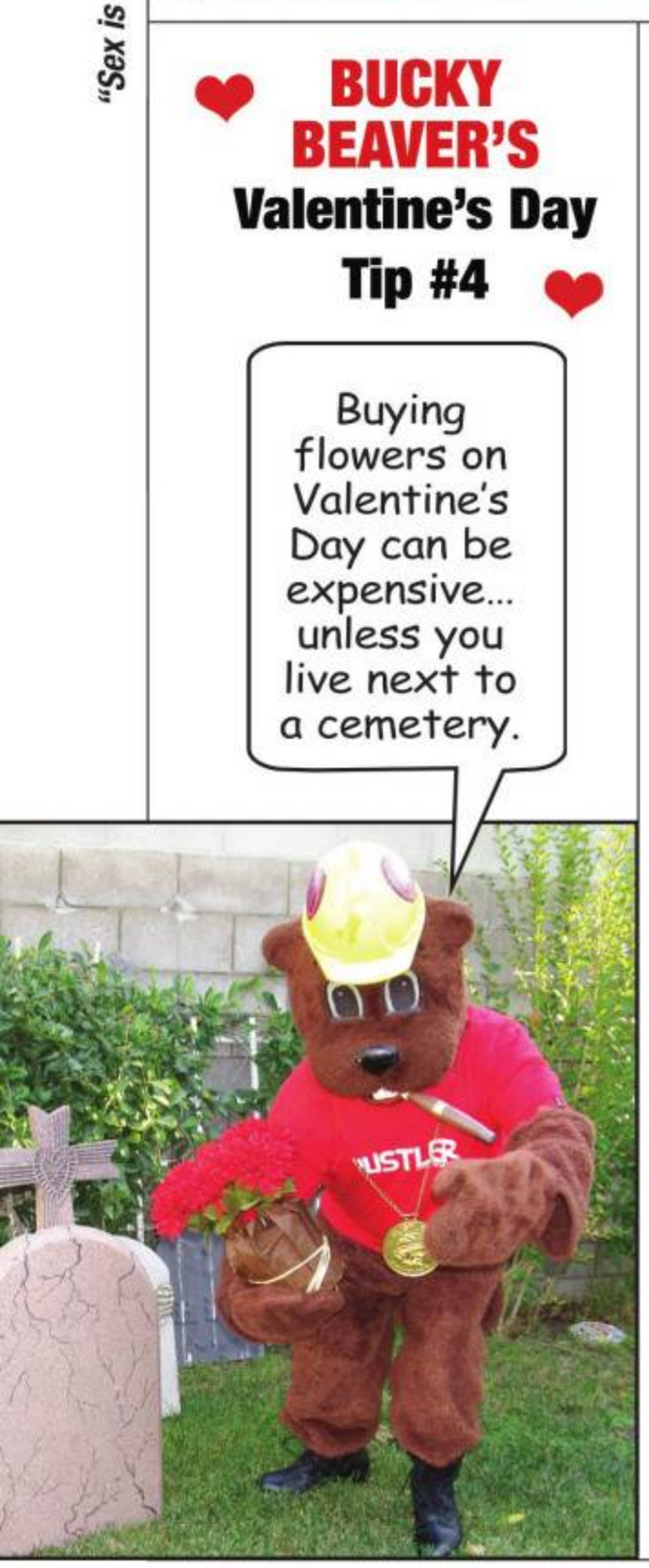


Porn star John Holmes led a seedy and sordid life that included drug addiction, the notorious Wonderland Murders and AIDS—all of which makes for a helluva read. The intricate and gory details of the master cocksman's existence are exposed in ***John Holmes: A Life Measured in Inches***. Whether or not you were a fan of Mr. Wadd, you won't be able to put down this fascinating biography by Jennifer Sugar and Jill C. Nelson, in bookstores now.

VINTAGE VAGINA

Check out this image of Hedy Lamarr from the 1933 film *Ecstasy*, which made her a star. The silver-screen beauty, who was barely legal at the time, looks great naked on this German movie poster. It's amazing what you can pick up at a yard sale for two bucks.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Valentine's Day Tip #4



HELPING HOUSTON

In the 1990s, Houston was one of the hottest porn stars on the planet. During an illustrious career she performed in dozens of hard-core flicks but is best remembered for taking on a then-record 620 gang-bangers in *The Houston 500.*

Sadly, the onetime XXX goddess has fallen on rough times. Having recently been diagnosed with cancer, Houston is asking for assistance to cover her massive medical bills. You can donate by logging on to **HelpHoustonFight.com** or **HotHouston.com**. Get well, Houston!

Hopeless Romantic

MORGAN DAYNE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

Everyone says that I wear my heart on my sleeve, but I don't really know what that means," declares lovable, gullible **Morgan Dayne**. "I guess I fall in love too quickly. I believe it when a guy tells me he's really into me, and then we have sex. But it always happens that after we do it, I never hear from him again. I don't know why."

What's barely legal **Morgan** up for when she's in bed with a Romeo? "Everything!" she exclaims. "I consider myself a giver. There isn't anything I won't do for a guy if he likes it. Getting a man off turns *me* on. That makes me come every time. I really like oral, and recently I discovered anal. It's such a dirty feeling to have a guy stick his cock in you back there, but it feels really good."

Addressing her quest for true and lasting love, **Morgan** reveals, "I want to find a guy who'll stick around for a little bit. I'd like to have a steady boyfriend instead of all those one-night stands. It sure would be nice to wake up next to the same man every morning."

What's next for **Ms. Dayne**? "It was a real pleasure to do these photos," she says, "and I'd like to do some more modeling. After that I hope to maybe go back to college and become a veterinarian. I love animals almost as much as I love guys."

MORGAN DAYNE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Beverly Hills, Florida | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Libra | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 112

SPECIAL: ADULT ENTERTAINMENT IN-DEPTH

Vol. 3 • No. 2

BORED IN THE U.S.A.

By Sharon Bass

The candid revelations of three housewives and one guy seeking fun and excitement on live chat lines.

Calls to LIVE chat lines are at EXPLOSIVE LEVELS from HOUSEWIVES looking for fun, and wanting to talk to guys (married or not) about anything and everything. We found three women and one guy who frequent a very popular chat line called **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** and asked them why they are turning to a phone line for sex. Not surprisingly, the answer to our questions seemed to lead down one common path each time - Uninhibited, Instantaneous SEX, anytime, anywhere.

It's Friday night, "Susan's" husband is away on a business trip and her pussy is dripping wet with no one to satisfy her. Does she reach for the vibrator again? No, first, she picks up the phone and calls **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** looking for a man that will make her come over and over again.

"I get so lonely. and bored. Weekends and evenings are so hard on me, so I fix it fast, by finding a horny guy on the chat line who's...REALLY HARD and ready for me!' exclaims "Susan". She continues, "Calling the chat line for no-holes-barred sex talk is a necessity, it's become part of my evening routine."

I GET SO BORED AND LONELY

"Stephanie" will be the first to tell you she has an insatiable need for sex. 'My husband is a great guy but he can't keep up with me." she says. 'I call **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** about 4 times a week. It's free for me, and luckily, Daniel (husband) sort of looks the other way. It works for both of us, I get a different guy when I want and he gets to sleep through the night."

As "Stephanie" spins her wedding band around her finger she admits, 'Just cuz I'm married doesn't mean I can't have sex chat with anonymous guys." she says. 'It (being married) adds another level of excitement to calling the chat line."

"Stephanie", (married 5 yrs) in Florida admits, "The chat line feeds my continuous need for sex. My husband just can't keep up with me."

UNINHIBITED, INSTANTANEOUS SEX, ANYTIME ANYWHERE!

"I'm a realtor so I'm always working. Scheduling sex with my husband just doesn't work for me. I've been calling the live chat lines for eight months.' claims "Kim".

Spontaneous live chat sessions are common in "Kim's" hectic life as a Realtor. "When I want it, I want it NOW! I'm always on the phone so I can get away with it very easily."

"I came five times on one call....while in my car!'

"I admit, when I first called I was nervous, but this guy had me rubbing my clit within minutes. Needless to say, it made me so hot, I've been calling ever since. I can't get enough of talking about sex, some might say I'm addicted to it."

"Kim' says she's made many new "friends" since calling **1-800-WIFE-CHAT**. 'I actually met one guy for an innocent lunch which made our future calls with him even hotter. It seemed liked I was cheating....but I wasn't. Talk about having your cake and eating it too!

100% REAL HOUSEWIVES

"Yeah, I was skeptical about the girls on chat lines." Says "Will" computer programmer by day, chat line stud by night.

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> "No actresses like other chat lines."

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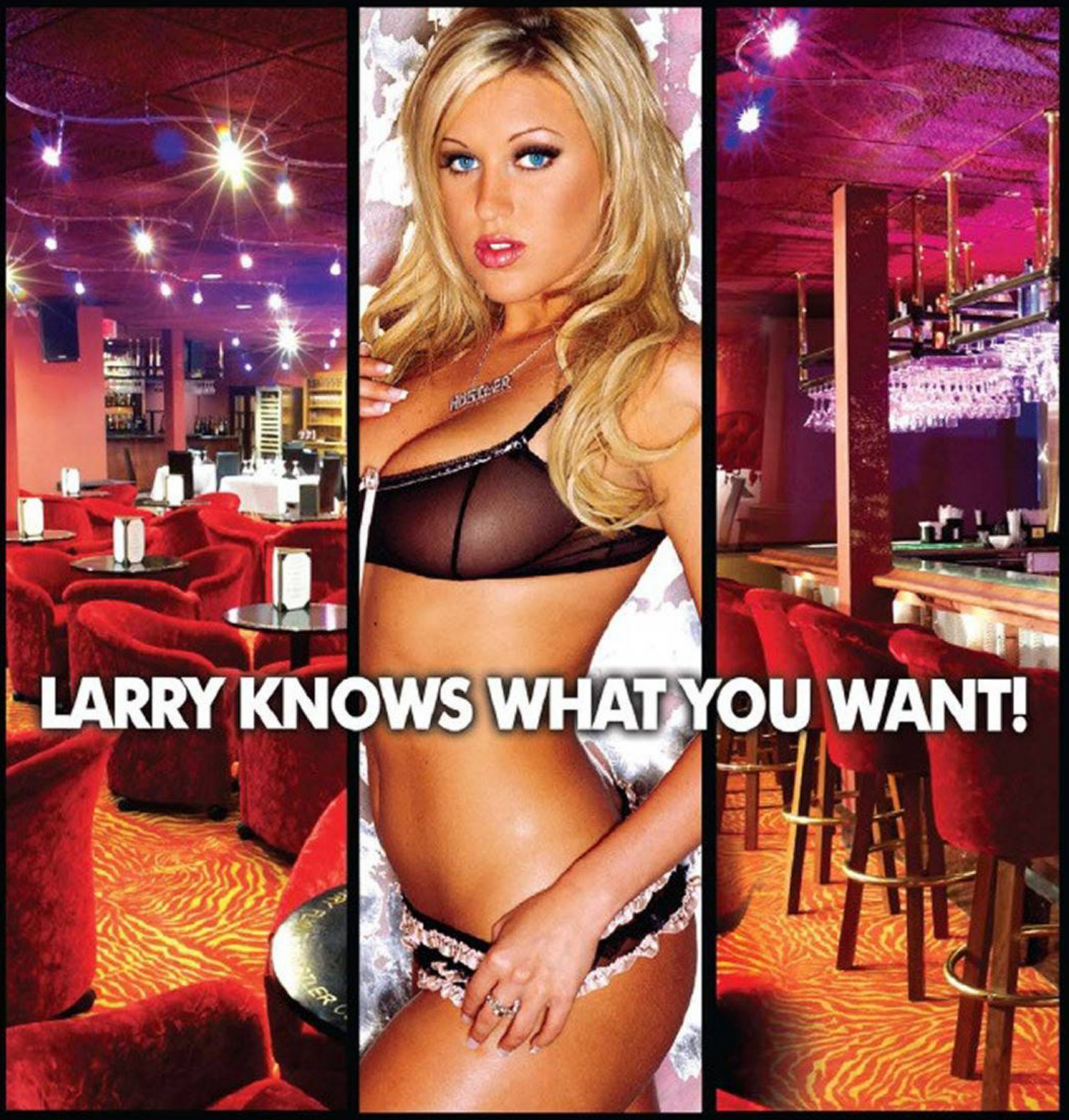

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Everybody's a Little Kinky

She was riding me hard cowgirl-style, her small breasts rising and falling. Sweat glistened on her creamy skin and trickled in rivulets down her smooth belly.

Andi was the most beautiful girl I had ever made love to. It was our second time that evening—a nice, long, delicious fuck. But now I was getting close, and when she reached back to fondle my ball sac, I had to fight the urge to come. She started squeezing and releasing my nuts in rhythm with her clutching cunt. A finger snuck back to tease my rosebud, and I was done.

Hot jism shot deep into her tight quim. Andi threw her head back, and then she was coming with me. My climax seemed to last forever, and when I finally returned to earth, I found myself wondering, *Damn, is this love?*

Andi and I had been dating…well, fucking for three months. We kept meaning to go out to dinner or a club. I'd arrive at her house to pick her up, and within 15 minutes we'd be making love. I was falling for Andi in a bad way, and as she drifted off to sleep in my arms, I asked myself whether the time had come to tell her about my little secret.

It was harmless, really. Still, my ex-wife hadn't thought so, and now I was paying for her therapy. You see, I'm a closet transvestite. Oh, I'm heterosexual in every way. I love women. In fact, I love them so much that every few days I like to dress up as one in lingerie and masturbate.

It's a ritual I've enjoyed since college, when some pledges, myself included, were forced into bra and panties for a frat-house initiation. Damn, dressing up like that surprised me, but it just felt so right. I'll never forget the first time I pulled on ladies' underwear. The way that soft silk caressed my shaft had my pecker throbbing in seconds.

But I didn't think my rich sorority girlfriend—soon to be my wife—would understand. So I kept my little kink to myself until the day she came home early from work and found me posing in front of the mirror in her new Victoria's Secret teddy.

That was two years ago, and now—as I stumbled to Andi's bathroom in the middle of the night to take a leak—the question popped into my mind again: Should I tell her?

Andi's laundry hamper stood right beside the toilet, and as I pissed, I couldn't help but notice a pair of white-satin panties resting on top of her dirty clothes. Irresistible.

Picking them up, I pressed the crotch to my nose. The enticing, musky scent gave me an instant boner. I had to try them on. Just to get the panties up my thighs and over my hips, I needed to stretch the elastic so much that I knew they'd never fit Andi again. Still, the way the satin cradled my nut sac felt so damn sensual. I had to see myself. So I moved in front of the vanity to look in the mirror, and that's when I saw Andi's wide eyes staring back at me from the doorway.

Our eyes met for one brief second, and she was gone. Christ, had I really fucked everything up?! I stood frozen to the spot, my cock still harder than granite, my mind frantically searching for something to say, for a way to make things right. "Andi, please understand!" I cried out. But then she was back, a smirk on her face and a big, black, leather paddle in her hand. Wow!

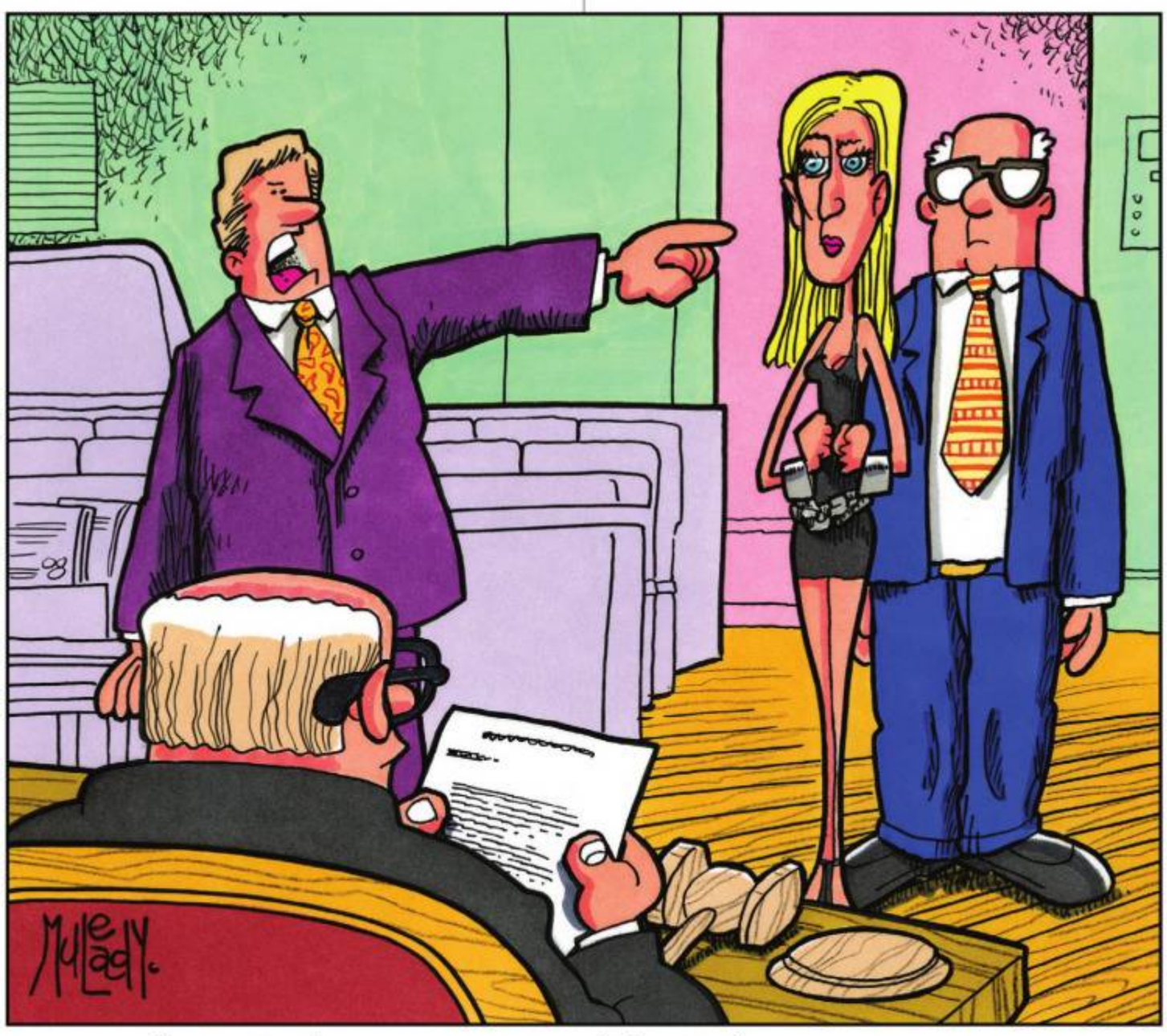
Quickly she moved past me and sat on the toilet. When she patted her lap, it was clear what was expected. I didn't hesitate. Bending over her knees, I held on to the edge of the bathtub and tried to steel myself for whatever was coming.

Andi rubbed the huge slapper over my panty-covered ass cheeks. The pressure of the satin against my tush felt so good. She said two words: "Bad boy." Then *whack!* as the paddle crashed against my backside. My dick pulsed. *Whack!* I had never been spanked before—I had no idea it could be so erotic. Now the blows were raining down on my hot butt cheeks, and the warmth spread through my whole body.

Andi spread her thighs slightly to trap my cock bulge between them. *Whack! Whack!* Oh, God, it was too much! Streams of jizz soaked her white panties.

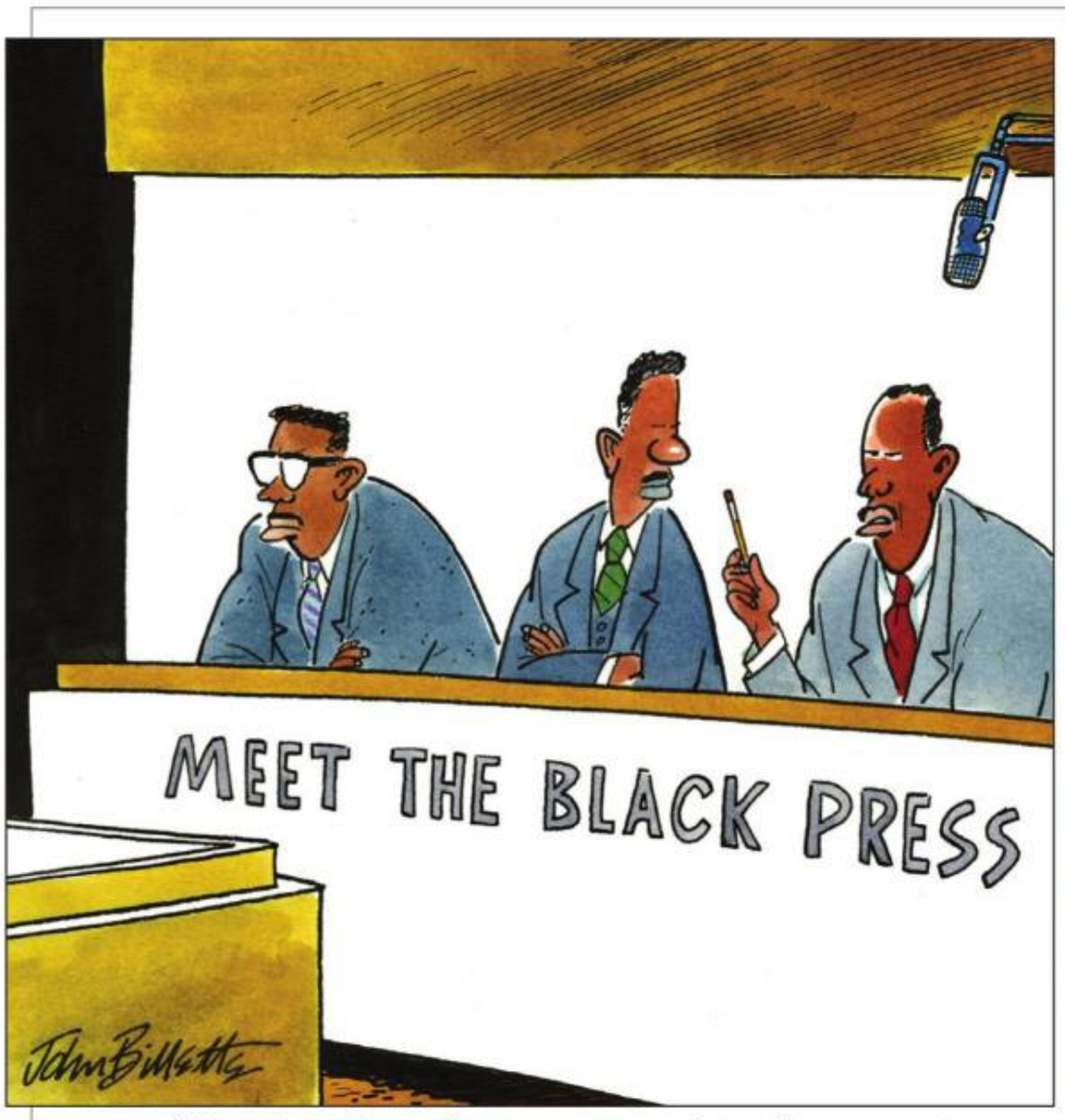
Dropping the paddle, Andi started caressing my burning ass with her hand. "I have this little kink," she confessed, a little breathless. "I didn't know quite how to tell you."

—A.J.
Freeport, New York

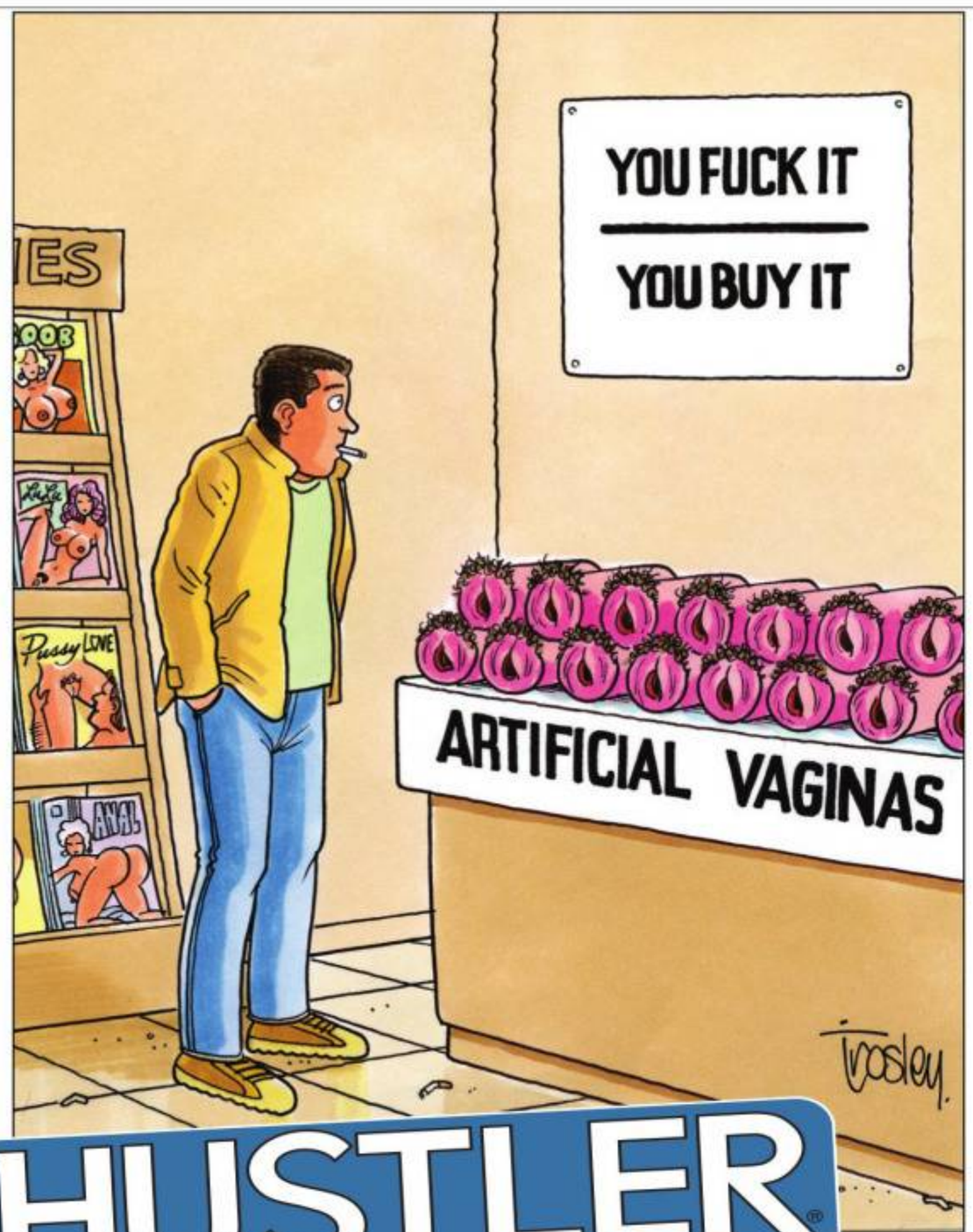


"Ann Coulter was arrested for indecent exposure, Your Honor. She was walking around town with her face uncovered, and she's doing it again right now!"!

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



"Senator, how do you respond to the recent allegations that you are just a lyin', cheatin', sorry-ass, honky motherfucker?"



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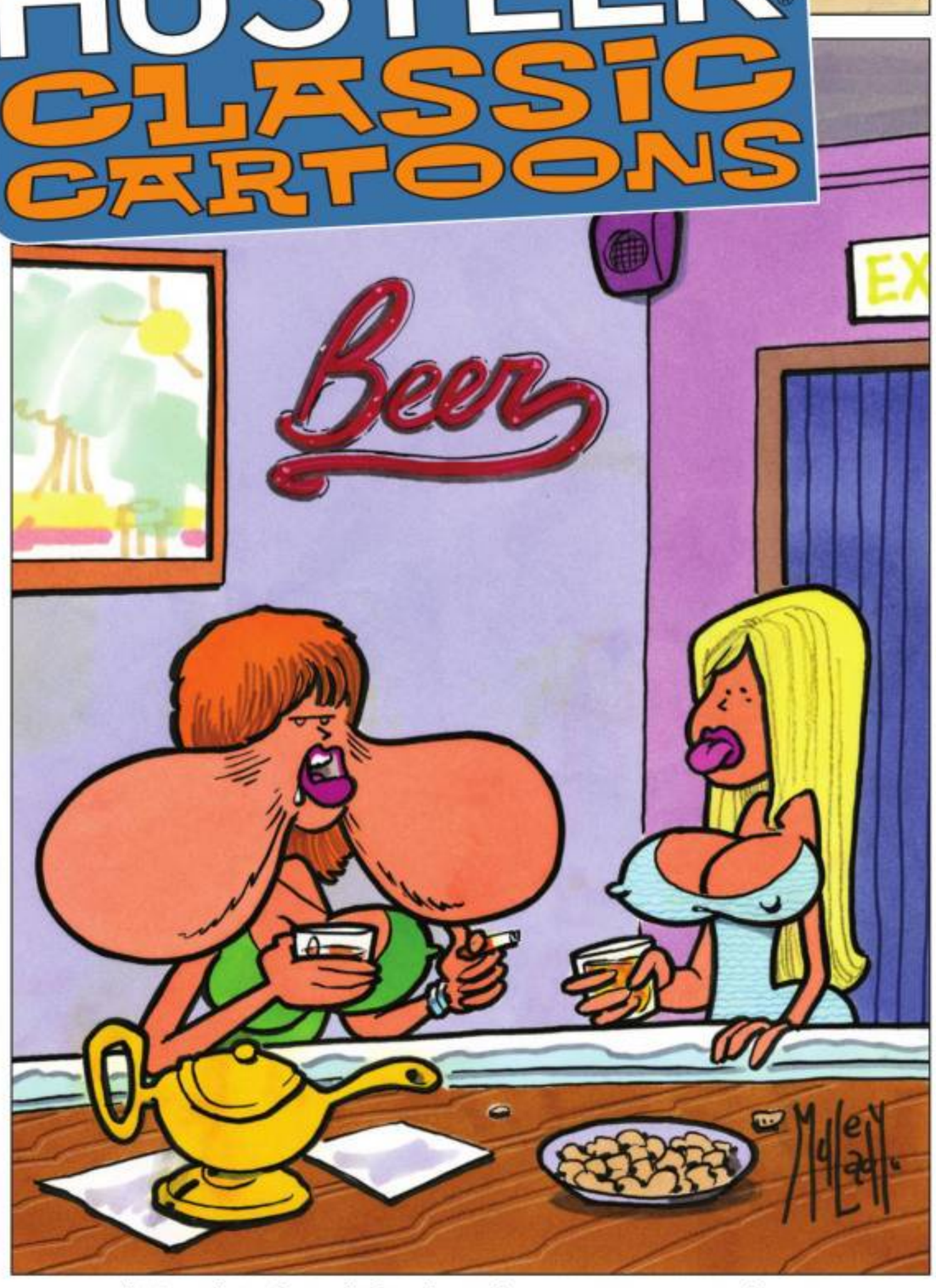
"When you suggested getting a job to supplement our income, I thought you meant taking in laundry or something!"



"My third and final wish was to never have to swallow another blowjob."

THE "NO-NUKES GODMOTHER" BLASTS THE NUCLEAR INDUSTRY, THE MEDIA AND THE BOMB-MAKERS.

DR. HELEN CALDICOTT

AUSTRALIAN PEDIATRICIAN HELEN CALDICOTT put aside medicine for a higher goal: saving humanity. Since 1971 she has been a spokesperson for the abolishment of nuclear power and weapons. In 1977, while living in the U.S., she joined Physicians for Social Responsibility, a group of 23,000 doctors whose mission was to explain to the public and to authorities the dangers of nuclear technology, not to mention the overwhelming horror of an all-out nuclear exchange.

Dr. Caldicott has written seven books—notably *War in Heaven* (expounding on the militarization of space), *Nuclear Power Is Not the Answer* and *The New Nuclear Danger: George W. Bush's Military-Industrial Complex*—and has been awarded 19 honorary doctorates and nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize. She is currently syndicated on Pacifica Radio's *If You Love This Planet*.

With facts, statistics and on-site examination, Dr. Caldicott counters the ceaseless propaganda issued by the Pentagon, which praises the survivability of atomic war and the "safety" of depleted-uranium munitions. It is widely believed that depleted uranium (DU) has caused congenital deformities in Iraqi children and offspring of American GIs. Dr. Caldicott has also taken on the hype of the nuclear industry. Studies show that living within 50 miles of a nuclear plant more than triples the odds of a woman developing breast cancer and dramatically raises the probability of brain cancer in children, who are particularly vulnerable to radiation.

Sad legacy: One of many Iraqi children born with deformities caused by depleted uranium.

HUSTLER: Your works explain how expensive and deadly nuclear energy is. But despite disasters like Three Mile Island in 1979 or Chernobyl in 1986, people don't seem to understand that they and those around them are slowly being killed. Why?

DR. HELEN CALDICOTT: It's hard for the ordinary person to accept danger in the future. We're set to understand being chased by a bull: We pump adrenalin, our blood pressure and blood sugar goes up, and we can leap a fence six feet high. That's not the case with a distant danger.

Physicians for Social Responsibility studied the effects of a limited nuclear attack on Iran. What were its findings?

We did a theoretical study on using three nuclear weapons on each of the three cities in Iran that have uranium enrichment facilities. The resulting fallout would kill up to 2.8 million people and would affect people as far away as Pakistan—3.8 million, total. It would produce highly concentrated fallout. If there's an inversion system, there would be hot spots, like Chernobyl. Forty percent of the European land mass is still radioactive from the Chernobyl accident and will be for hundreds of years. That's why I don't buy European fruit. [A nuclear attack on Iran] would severely hamper people wanting to steal its oil.

We've got to stop burning oil. There are two ways to look at this: (A) It's wicked to go and steal another country's oil; but (B) we've got to stop burning oil, because we are almost beyond the point of no return regarding global warming. When I go to New York, I see Humvees in the street, these godawful four-wheel SUV's! People driving their children to ballet in tanks, getting ten miles a gallon! The politicians must say, "You can't have these anymore! Everyone has to have a Prius."

As the price of gas skyrockets 300%, you'd think people would say, "I can't afford that stupid SUV anymore!"

Yeah, but it has to go beyond the pocketbook. It's got to go to people's morality. And if they don't see it, there has to be a law. If you don't [consume gas responsibly], you get fined or put in jail. Because the USA is being killed [by Big Oil]; it's in the intensive care unit. I commissioned a study, "Carbon-Free and Nuclear-Free U.S. by 2050," a prescription for survival. America can produce all the energy it needs without carbon or nuclear reactors by 2050.

And this technology is available right now?

Yes! By saving [money spent on oil], you use those billions of dollars to subsidize renewable energy. West of the Mississippi you've got enough wind power to supply the whole country with electricity. Solar thermal systems are becoming cheaper. They're ready to go, but why isn't it happening? Because who runs the Congress? The coal, oil and nuclear companies.

The nuclear industry is particularly malicious. Nuclear power is not cheap. That's the lie. There was an article in the *Wall Street Journal* [showing that] a single nuclear plant can cost $12 billion. No private investors will fund the building of new reactors, so nuclear power can only operate as a socialized industry.

[Industry statistics which claim that nuclear power is cheap] ignore decommissioning; production of the fuel and insurance, which is still paid for by the government; transportation and storage of radioactive waste for half a million years; the cancers and leukemias for the rest of time—none of those are factored in. As with the coal industry, if you factor in how coal is inducing global warming by allowing rubbish in the atmosphere, that's called an "externality," external to the intrinsic cost of production, though coal-burning causes the problems.

In *Metal of Dishonor* you say the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan have been far deadlier than statistics indicate due to the use of depleted uranium shells. Can you explain this?

Depleted uranium antitank shells are made of ten pounds of solid uranium-238—very effective at slicing through the steel of a tank and pyrophoric; [it's] reactive when exposed to air. When a DU shell hits the tank, it bursts into white hot flame, and up to 80% of it turns into aerosol particles that can be inhaled. Uranium also concentrates in the food chain. Its half-life is 4.5 billion years, so America is, in fact, conducting a nuclear war in Iraq and Afghanistan by using these shells and polluting the cradle of civilization for the rest of time.

In the first [Iraq] invasion in 1991 the U.S. used about 360 tons of it. Childhood cancer in Basra now has gone up 700%, as have severe congenital anomalies: babies born with single eyes or no arms or no brain, just a midbrain so that they can only breathe and cry. There's a complete news blackout in the U.S. The military has trained the press to be the spokespeople for the Pentagon.

But radiation victims also include our own troops.

Uranium is a heavy metal excreted through the kidneys and in the semen. Wives of [Iraq veterans] complain of burning semen. When they have intercourse, it burns the mucosa of their vagina. So if you've got uranium in the semen, it is damaging chromosomes, hence the incidence of congenital anomalies in children born to returning troops.

As far as the soldiers themselves, exposure to depleted uranium can cause lung cancer and leukemia. DU goes to the brain, and it can

PHOTO BY HEIDE SMITH

produce bone cancer, liver cancer, kidney cancer and bladder cancer. The Pentagon knew how deadly it was. It's reprehensible. The people who organized this should be in prison.

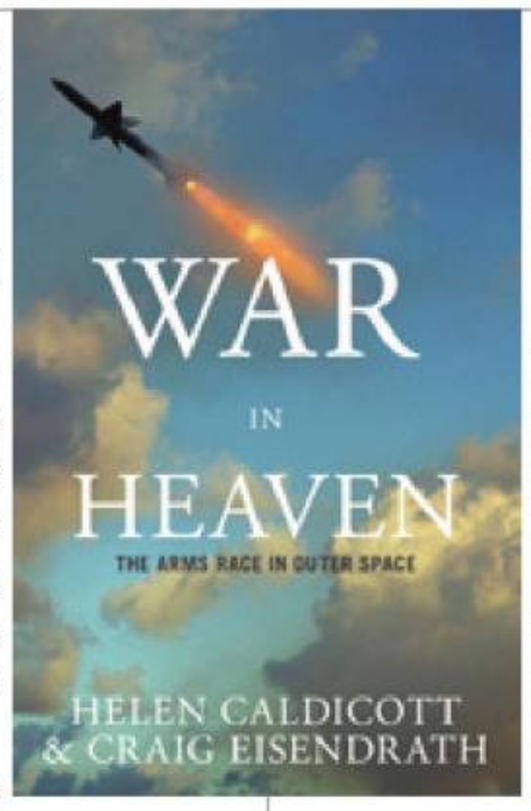
The other major concern is Iran's creating weapons from nuclear power plants.

Uranium in a reactor produces about 200 new isotopes, only one of which is plutonium, which can be used as the fuel for nuclear weapons. So anyone that has a reactor, in fact, has a bomb factory. But it's the same type of propaganda that was produced to invade Iraq, brilliantly orchestrated by the White House and Cheney, a wicked man. There were no weapons of mass destruction.

Why on earth the media buys this kind of thing without skepticism I don't understand. The IAEA [International Atomic Energy Agency] says that Iran is five to ten years from having enough enriched uranium to make a bomb. They have 3,000 centrifuges. They need something like 30,000 or 50,000 to produce enough enriched uranium for a single bomb, says the IAEA. Sixteen U.S. intelligence agencies said there's absolutely no evidence the Iranians pose an imminent threat. Now you could legitimately ask, "Why do they want to have a nuclear power plant when they're sitting on oil?"

Nuclear power plants would energize Iran without draining its natural resources, which could be sold. Or maybe the Iranians are envious of other nations' nuclear plants.

Yes, they're joining the Boy's Club. Since the Second World War, America has been into testosterone madness. If we don't stop this dynamic now, we've had it. We still have enough nuclear weapons in the world to induce nuclear winter, which is much worse than global warming. This could happen tonight because of the 30,000 weapons in the world. Russia and America own 97% of that. They are the real rogue states holding the world at nuclear ransom.



America has more nuclear weapons than any other country in the world. It spends half its budget on killing. It has no enemies. But the military-industrial complex—Lockheed, Boeing and the like—controls the Pentagon and Congress because of the enormous money they give to politicians. They are the government.

The new enemy on the horizon is China, even though it's America's major trading partner, and you are dependent upon China to cover much of your foreign debt. The Pentagon is surrounding China with military bases in Taiwan, Japan, South Korea, Uzbekistan and Azerbaijan. China's only got 20 missiles, which take days to be liquid-fueled, that can hit America. But America's provoking them, saying, "Go on, build some more," so that they—the military-industrial complex—will have an excuse to build even more missiles themselves. It's evil. As we speak, there are 60 U.S. hydrogen bombs targeted just on Moscow, 40 Russian ones on New York. I've always said we must eliminate the bombs. Well, I'm a woman, and who am I?

So you feel you have been ignored?

I feel pretty disconsolate, really. I wrote an editorial several years ago for the *New York Times* [about depleted uranium], and they refused to publish it. But when Henry Kissinger, William Perry and their ilk get published in the *Wall Street Journal* saying the same thing [about similar nuclear dangers] with their deep masculine voices, people listened.

But some did listen to you, including former Russian leader Mikhail Gorbachev.

Gorbachev understood the medical implications of nuclear war. George Bush the First actually got rid of some tactical nuclear weapons. Then Clinton got in, who didn't have the guts to take on the Pentagon. [At that time, Russian President] Boris Yeltsin was totally compliant and a profound alcoholic; Clinton could have gotten the Russians to eliminate nuclear weapons in five years, and Boris would have signed.

Clinton's legacy is we handed him the ability to abolish nuclear weapons bilaterally, and he did not do it. Then we got the real nuts in the White House, who not only kept the weapons in place but want to replace all their old warheads—there are nearly 12,000—because that keeps the nuclear scientists in business. This has been a really crazy administration, and I say that carefully and guardedly as a physician.

Speaking of rogue states, let's talk about Israel, a little country with, what, 50 nuclear missiles, a hundred?

No, they've got 200 to 400 hydrogen bombs, the world's third-largest nuclear arsenal, which Israel neither confirms nor denies. [The number of weapons, even their existence, is considered top-secret.] You'd think they'd be smart after what they've been through. Being a doctor, I see that if you're abused as a child, you tend to abuse when you grow up; that must be part of the [national] dynamic. They're highly intelligent on the whole, yet they *(continued on page 110)*

"Oh, absolutely, sir! Everyone here is rich and white!"

Pinup Master

Dan DeCarlo Returns!

HUSTLER takes a second look at an iconic illustrator from yesteryear.

The Pin *Up Art of Dan DeCarlo* was published in 2005, and now a second collection offers more of the legendary artist's most exemplary creations from the 1950s and '60s. The outstanding follow-up also features several rough sketches and "works in progress"—material never before seen outside the artist's personal workshop.

Best remembered as an innovative illustrator for *Archie* comics, DeCarlo turned simple characters like Archie Andrews and Forsythe "Jughead" Jones into pop culture icons that defined and inspired two generations. It's okay to admit it: You know you wanted to bone Betty and Veronica, those curvaceous cockteases who opened eyes with their bulging sweaters and super-mini miniskirts. DeCarlo was also the mastermind behind *Josie and the Pussycats*, starring the hottest all-girl cartoon rock band to ever blast into space—as well as into a TV series and movie!

But when DeCarlo wasn't busy inking the zany misadventures of the Riverdale High gang, he immersed himself in an even more provocative world. From 1956 to 1963 the comic book maestro produced thousands of titillating pinups that graced the pages of the *Humorama* line of girlie digests. Although these enchanting and sometimes-humorous renderings appear tame when held up next to today's explicit fare, they were pretty damn risqué in their day.

Along with its predecessor, *The Pin Up Art of Dan DeCarlo 2* is available at bookstores or online at **FantaGraphics.com**.

"Yes, and she shakes the maracas well, too!"

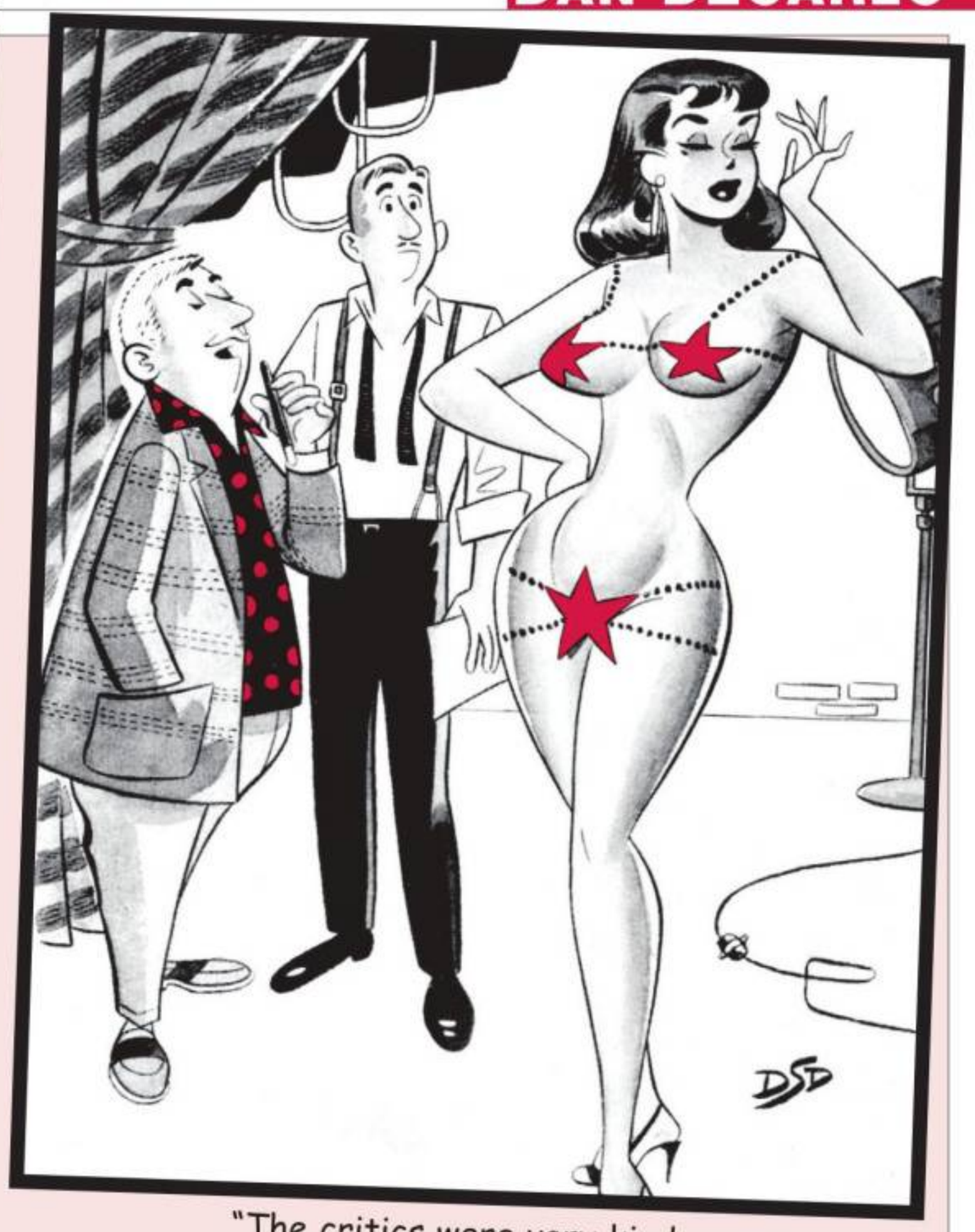
"Don't worry about me, Mother. He's still young enough to make passes but too old to follow up on them!"

"I can't see why he keeps playing with her. She misses every shot!"

"I think I can save you some money, Harold. Your ties are my size!"

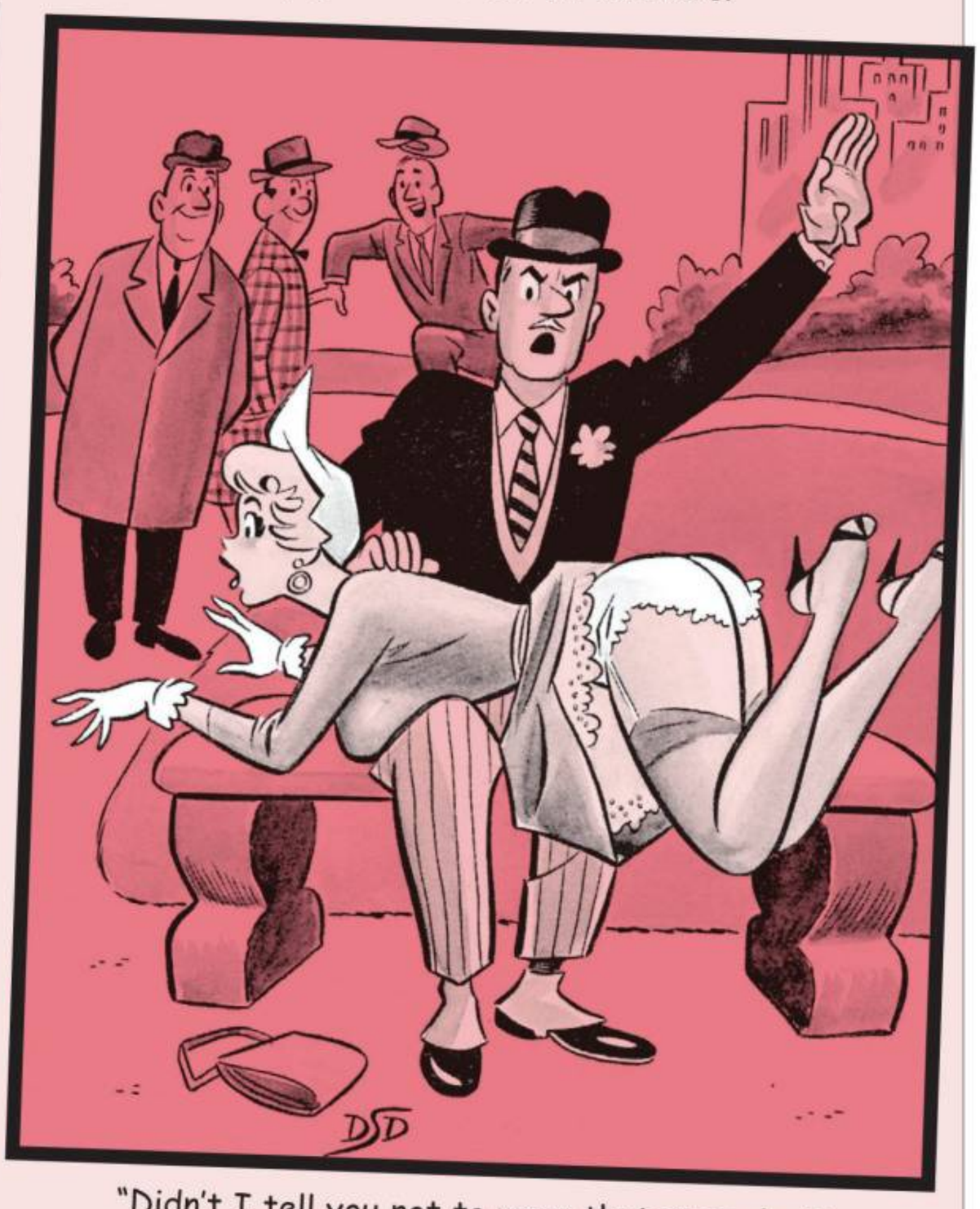
"He said, 'Here, Edythe, wear these; you're the intellectual type!'"

"You'd better not go in there.
He's got the automatic pilot on!"



"The critics were very kind.
They gave the show three stars!"

"I'm sorry, but I can't fake it.
You'll have to take everything off!"



"Didn't I tell you not to wear that crazy hat?
It attracts too much attention!"

BY JIM BOLEN

NO GUTS, NO GLORY

People used to tell me when I was 16 years old that I would never live to be 18. Then, when I made it to 18, they told me I would never live to see my 21st birthday. Then it was my 25th, then 30th and so on. When I was 27 years old and in Vietnam, I thought the predictions above were about to come true.

I had previously volunteered and joined an Ohio Special Forces reserve unit, the Green Berets. After completing my active duty time, which included airborne training, I volunteered to go back to Fort Bragg, a center for special warfare. Upon completion of this specialized training, I returned to my Ohio Special Forces unit, then volunteered for a transfer to South Vietnam.

After arriving at Nha Trang, Special Forces headquarters in Vietnam, I again volunteered to be accepted in a special, highly classified and dangerous unit called SOG (Special Operations Group). The following chronicles one of my many classified missions.

Around November, 10, 1968, one of our reconnaissance teams in Cambodia radioed back to headquarters that they had spotted a communications wire running between two large enemy units. Our company commander asked if I and Lieutenant Kroske, a new officer in our unit, would consider infiltrating that area at night with a special permanent wiretap device. Our commander explained that this type of operation had never been done before and that it would be very dangerous. Of course, Kroske and I both said yes. An operation like that was what we both found challenging and exciting.

This special permanent wiretap device was designed to be planted in the ground under the wire to monitor the communications without having to be attached to the wire itself (which would be called a hard tap). This type of device was better because the enemy inspected the wire periodically for hard tap devices. The surveillance unit would then relay enemy communications to a monitoring aircraft called a Blackbird, a special C-130 used by the CIA.

We made radio contact with the team already in Cambodia that had spotted the communications wire. They would place a strobe light on the wire at midnight, in between enemy units, so our pilot could spot the area and allow us to rappel into place.

We rigged up 250-foot-long rappelling ropes with heavy sandbags on the end. The purpose of the sandbags was twofold: first, to break through the canopy—the overhead vegetation—and get the rope down to the ground. Second, if Kroske and I were wounded or killed during the infiltration, the bags would get caught in the snap link on our Swiss rappelling seat (fitted around our waist and legs), and our comrades would at least be able to retrieve us—or our bodies. We rigged these ropes up in the main infiltration chopper. Four gunships were to accompany us during the mission.

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM SIMONTON

A Vietnam War veteran recounts a nighttime raid into enemy territory, a deadly error and the most insane helicopter ride in military history.

SIMONTON 2,09

On November 12, 1968, a few hours before midnight, we headed out. Hours later, deep in Cambodia, the pilot of our chopper thought that he was over the top of the strobe light located between two enemy units. He hovered at what we thought was a safe distance between the enemy units while we threw the sandbag end of the rappelling ropes out of the chopper. Once we felt slack in the ropes, figuring they had hit the ground, we hooked up and rappelled through the jungle canopy.

As soon as we hit the ground, all hell broke loose. The chopper pilot had miscalculated. He had dropped Lieutenant Kroske and me right into the middle of an enemy unit.

The enemy soldiers were grabbing at us. I could feel them on my back, legs and arms, and at the same time they were firing at the choppers overhead. As soon as the chopper that we were attached to started receiving fire from the NVAs—North Vietnamese Army troops—the pilot started flying parallel to the ground in order to pick up forward air speed and gain altitude.

Luckily for us, the sandbags did their job and kept Kroske and me hooked to the chopper. Unluckily for us, we were being dragged through the jungle at 60 miles per hour while dangling at the end of a 250-foot rope, knocking down everything in our path, from NVAs to trees and enemy huts. Everything was a blur in the pitch-blackness.

Finally, we gained enough altitude and broke through the trees. As we headed back to the South Vietnamese border, the supporting gunships moved closer and kept their lights on us to see our condition. The first thing I noticed was that Kroske was about 20 feet above me, hanging upside down and totally unconscious.

I started checking my situation, which was not good. The top of my left hand had been completely taken off, and the ribs on my left side were crushed. I had a difficult time breathing. Naturally, I had many small cuts and abrasions as well. That, believe it or not, was not the worst part.

While checking the Swiss seat, snap-link and sandbag that were supporting me hanging under a chopper at 3,000 feet altitude and flying at 120 knots airspeed, I noticed my snap-link apparently had taken a round and was partially broken. I knew there was no way it would hold very long. During the rest of the flight back to the border, I was just waiting for the snap-link to break, and I would fall into the jungle.

Hanging in midair, I had no way of communicating with our pilot to let him know my situation. And anyway, due to our classified location, there was no place to land and no way for me to be pulled back into the chopper.

When I went to Vietnam, I felt I would not return alive. I really expected to die in combat, and I figured tonight was my night. My mind went to my family. I relaxed as best I could. I was at peace with what I knew was going to happen.

Finally, I saw lights in the distance from a friendly camp in South Vietnam. I could hear the pitch of the choppers changing. I knew we were preparing to land. As they were flying me over the concertina wire around the perimeter of the camp, I thought to myself, *That snap-link will probably break now, and I will fall into the rolls of barbed wire.*

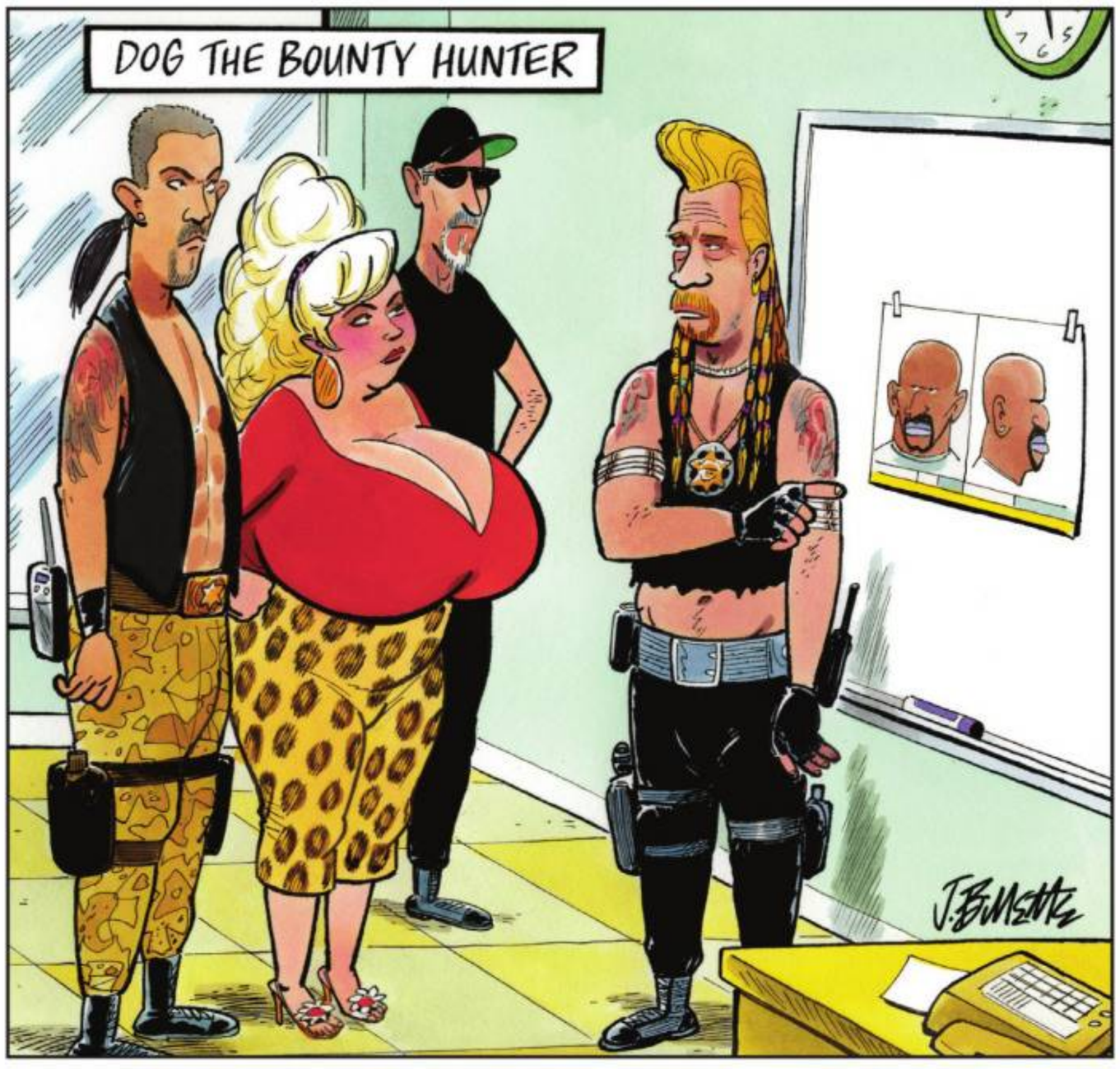
Well, I made it over the wire, and next thing I knew I was flying eight feet above the ground, past armored personnel carriers on either side of me at about 20 miles per hour. This was a unit of APCs, and crew members slept inside their vehicles. The top of an APC is open and not armored; the crew would cover it with a canvas tent at night and sleep in the bottom of the APC.

Just as I'd expected, upon coming in for a landing, my heels hit the side of an APC, and I was thrown through the canvas cover and into the Americans sleeping inside. All they knew was that someone dressed in black clothing had come through the top of their APC in the middle of the night. He had to be the enemy!

The men started screaming and beating on me. I was already in tremendous pain, and I kept yelling to them that I was an American. A minute or two later the tailgate of the APC opened, and the pilots and crew of the supporting choppers came to my rescue and pulled me out. While they were carrying me away, I'm sure someone in that APC wondered, "What the hell is going on? Who was that guy, and where did he come from?"

Lieutenant Kroske and I finally got back to our forward operating base in Ban Me Thuot, where the medical staff treated us. You can see the photograph of us; it was taken the following morning. I razzed him about our adventure, body-slamming against trees, buildings and enemy soldiers, saying that because he was an officer, he'd hit fewer things than I did. Lieutenant Kroske was truly an elite and brave soldier. He went missing in action in February 1969. Later he was declared KIA—killed in action.

More of Jim Bolen's hard-knuckle adventures can be found in *No Guts, No Glory: My Life as a Brawler, Soldier, Mercenary, Bounty Hunter, Bouncer, Bodyguard, Businessman and All-Around Nice Guy* (Butler Books). The ex-Green Beret's numerous memorable endeavors include a stint as Larry Flynt's personal bodyguard.

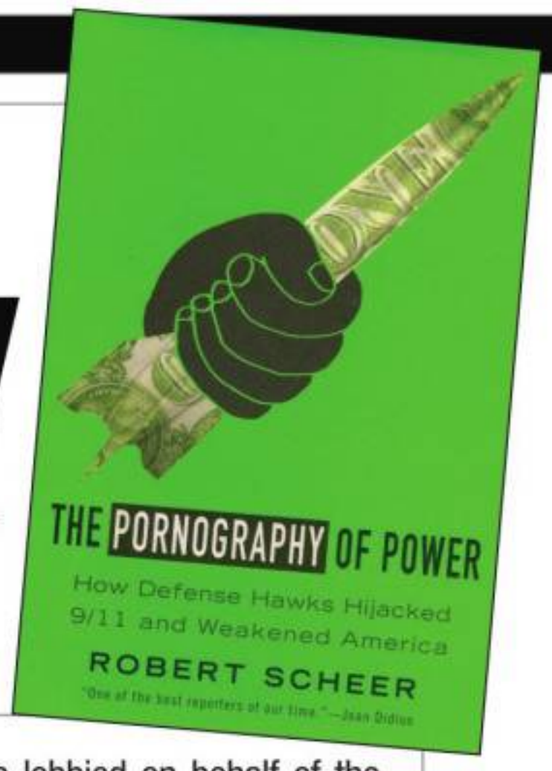


"To get close to the dude and nab him, we have to stay *inconspicuous!*"

BY LARISA ALEXANDROVNA

BOOK REVIEW: The Pornography of Power

HUSTLER COLUMNIST ROBERT SCHEER'S SCATHING EXPOSÉ OF THE WAR INDUSTRY.


THE PORNOGRAPHY OF POWER
How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America
ROBERT SCHEER
"One of the best reporters of our time."—Joan Didion

In 1935, U.S. Marine Corps Major General Smedley D. Butler published a monumental repudiation of imperialism and profiteering in a booklet titled *War Is a Racket*. Picking up the mantle more than 70 years later, investigative reporter Robert Scheer delivers his own blistering rebuke of the military-industrial complex in his latest book, *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America*. Scheer shows not only the few getting wealthy off the tragedy of many, but also casts them against the backdrop of what he sees as an obscene panorama of power, with "the gyrations of lobbyists and politicians" in the background, hiding from view what this game is all really about.

Pornography of Power begins with the tragic attacks of September 11, 2001, but it also outlines the history leading up to that eventful day. With the Cold War over and no new enemy on the horizon, defense contractors saw a grim future of peace. Reacting to the 9/11 attacks, one of the first things the Bush Administration and Congress authorized was the acquisition of F-22 Raptors for a whopping $65 billion despite the fact that al Qaeda was nationless and operated with such low-tech weaponry as box cutters.

Scheer uncovers the war hawks of the Bush Administration, aided by "neoconservatives," who used fear to justify expenditures that have dangerously expanded the power of the military-industrial apparatus.

The profits and lack of accountability are truly shocking. In examining the 2008 discretionary budget for defense and intelligence, Scheer finds something particularly revealing: Citing the National Priorities Project, Scheer notes that 59% of the nation's budget goes to defense. "That means six out of every ten dollars available to the federal government to meet the myriad needs of the American people went [instead] to the military-industrial complex," he writes.

Scheer is a rare breed of journalist who goes after Democrat and Republican alike in calling out their complicity in this nation's out-of-control defense spending. He scrutinizes Bush's neocon "Prince of Darkness," Richard Perle, and liberal U.S. Senator Barbara Boxer of California (among others) for their roles in exploiting 9/11.

Scheer describes how antiwar Boxer—along with the Democrat's colleague in the Senate, fellow Californian Dianne Feinstein, and several members of the House—did an end run around the hierarchy of senior senators in charge of the budget process. The group secured an additional $10-billion rider to an existing bill, which allocated for 42 Boeing C-17 transport planes to be built in Long Beach, California. According to an audit by the General Accounting Office, the adjusted overall total of 120 new planes was three times more than needed.

Among the items the C-17s would be delivering were much-needed MRE (meals-ready-to-eat) packages to troops abroad. Citing the *Washington Post*, Scheer points out the price difference for sending a single MRE by ship and by plane: $7 by air versus 7 cents by sea. Scheer observes it was "all about jobs, jobs, jobs" for constituents without regard to genuine national security needs.

Perhaps the most central figure in the inner circle of the neoconservative cabal around President Bush is Richard Perle, protégé of Democratic Senator Henry "Scoop" Jackson of Washington State, who's never met a Boeing weapons system he didn't like.

Scheer examines Perle's intersection of business and political interests as he evolved from a rabid anti-Communist ideologue to a member of the Project for a New American Century, which lobbied President Bill Clinton to overthrow Iraq's Saddam Hussein. Both Clinton and Bush Sr. before him considered Perle and his ideologues as "crazies," brushing aside their advocacy for a new war in the Middle East. But not Bush Jr.

Scheer shows the ruthless Perle straddling the worlds of the Pentagon and corporate boardrooms. On one hand, Perle lobbied for an Iraq war; on the other, he lobbied on behalf of the military-supply industry, which received contracts from the very agency he represented—playing the game both ends against the middle.

Scheer comments poignantly how the "global war on terror," like the fight against communism before it, employs fear and patriotic fervor to drive a nationalistic agenda that gins up an ever-lurking threat to justify an expansion of the military, all regardless of the true nature of the threat. Scheer writes, "Threat-inflation had long been the norm, and after the Cold War, it became institutionalized."

Scheer offers a clear, nuanced argument against spending on programs that do not prepare the country for threats of a multipolar world in which diplomatic engagement is critical. But no matter the weapon system or program, defense contractors always have a senator, a member of the House or a government official who is willing to help.

The Pornography of Power reveals the consequences for failing to heed the dire warnings of Major General Butler in 1935 and President Dwight D. Eisenhower in 1961, neither of whom could have imagined a multitrillion-dollar budget for a war built on lies.

Scheer does a masterful job at illustrating this obscenity. His book's prologue warns that we must wonder, "How did I let myself get seduced into this grimy and dangerous place just to get fleeced?" This, he says, is "the basic question faced by our Republic."

How we answer that question, individually in our own lives, will make all the difference in the world regarding whether or not there will be perpetual war or a chance for lasting peace. That said, until the war racket is busted, there will only be war.

Larisa Alexandrovna, Raw Story's managing editor of investigative news, regularly reports on intelligence and national security matters for the acclaimed Web site, which has often scooped the mainstream media.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

Sock It to Her

KELLY SUMMER

I guess you could call me a porn star wannabe," proclaims Canadian hottie **Kelly Summer**. "I grew up in Quebec and did some mainstream modeling, mostly lingerie and bathing suit work. Then my boyfriend told me I could have more fun (and make way more money) by posing nude. Once I started doing that, I got hooked. Now I'll hardly ever accept a job where I don't end up totally naked."

Kelly, who no longer hangs with just one lover, has big ambitions. “I hope someday to have the biggest porn site on the Internet,” she says. “I can’t believe all the dirty things I get to do in front of the camera. Being naked is such an exciting thing for me. I get off displaying my body for guys to see, and I truly enjoy having sex.”

KELLY SUMMER’S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Montreal, Canada | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-9 | WEIGHT: 121

The statuesque Canuck is also digging her new look. “After spending most of my years as a blonde,” **Kelly** explains, “I recently decided to dye my hair. It’s very empowering because people seem to take me more seriously now. It also seems to have brought out my dark side—sexually speaking. I just tried light bondage for the first time, and I found the experience very pleasurable. I guess blondes don’t always have more fun.”

PROTECTING YOUR ASS AT POKER

Six Ways You Can Be Cheated—and How to Avoid Them

HOW SAFE IS YOUR POKER GAME? Short answer: depends on where you're playing. Casino poker rooms are generally cheat-free. Yes, you may be destroyed by superior opponents, but gone are the days of crooked dealers and Mob-run scams.

Private games are another matter. If my two years of research and personal observation are any indication, these are highly vulnerable. Casual players ignore common-sense rules, and faith in the honesty of the other players is admirably high. These are ideal conditions for the would-be cheat. Why take a chance? By instituting a few defensive rules, you can effectively wipe out 90% of all cheating opportunities.

1. Begin every poker session with a sealed deck of name-brand cards.

What you're battling here are "readers," more commonly known as marked cards. These babies are responsible for stealing more money at the poker table than all other cheating methods combined. Readers allow the cheat to realize his ruling mantra: *Know thy opponent's hole cards.* They also wreak havoc in a variety of popular home games, such as Cincinnati and Southern Cross, during which several community cards are dealt facedown in the center of the table, then turned over one at a time, with a round of betting after each. The cheat can see his best possible hand before a single card is turned.

Readers are easy to use, easy to buy and will fool anyone unfamiliar with the particular system in use. Here's a brief look at what's currently out there.

Luminous Readers: Red-backed cards are marked with green ink. The marks are invisible unless viewed through red-tinted sunglasses. This old-fashioned method has returned to vogue, thanks to players wearing shades on TV poker.

Shade and Flash: This method tints certain areas of the cards with red or blue dye. Very subtle and difficult to read without practice.

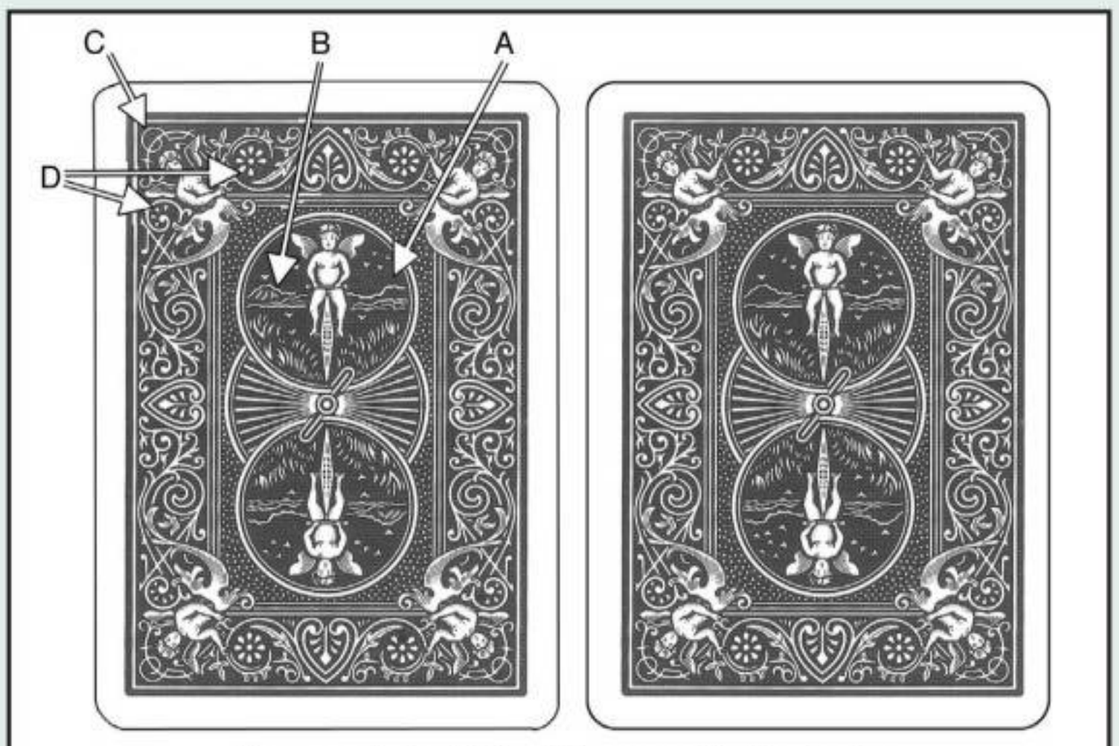
Juice: A mixture of ink and grain alcohol is applied to the backs of the cards, coding their identities in the form of dots or dashes. The marks are virtually invisible, but can be seen by unfocusing the eyes.

Blockout and Cutout Work: Cards are identified by subtle alterations to design elements, such as lines, scrolls or geometric patterns. Blockout work uses red or blue ink to erase white lines. Cutout work uses a sharp tool to remove color and reveal the white underneath.

It's crazy to let a pack of readers slip into your game. Start every poker session with a fresh, sealed deck of name-brand cards and unwrap them at the table. Buy decks by the dozen from Costco or similar warehouse outlet. These cards will be extremely safe.

2. No looking through the discards.

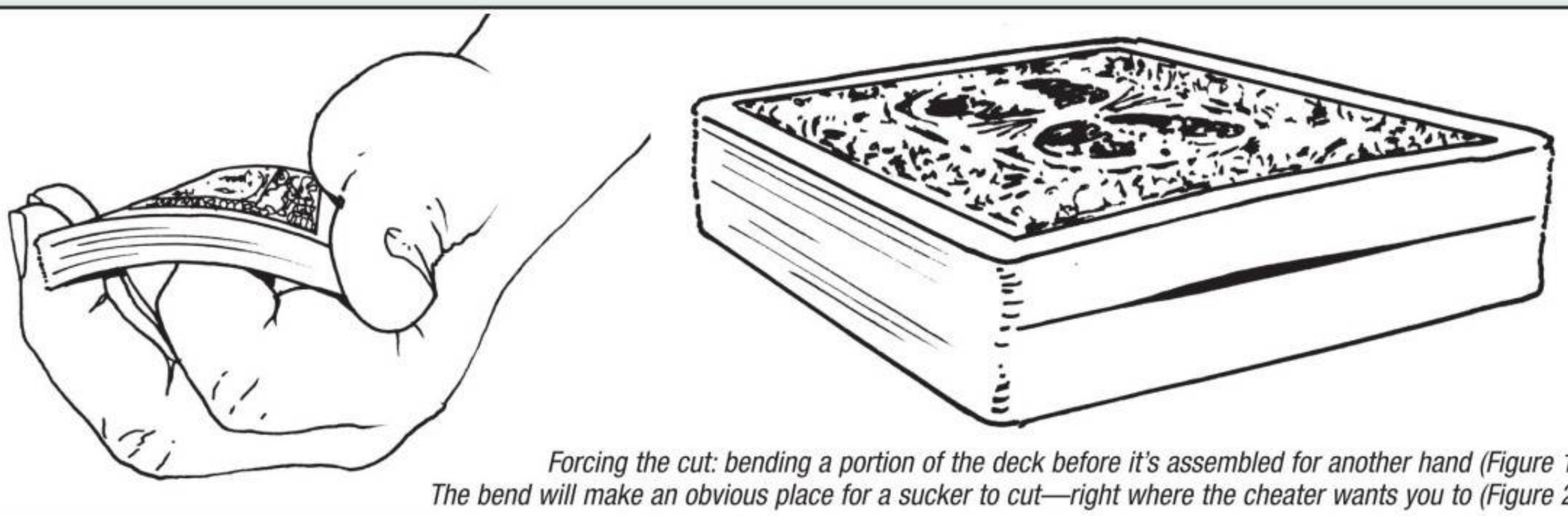
Allowing a player who has dropped out of a hand to look through the discards goes against all sane poker playing, yet it's often tolerated in home games, passing as idle curiosity. Sometimes it is. But it's also the first step to several forms of major-league cheating on the *next* deal.



Tiny, nearly invisible differences in the design give the cheater an idea what you're holding.

Consider this: On the hand prior to his deal, the cheat drops out so that all the deadwood is tossed his way. As he rakes in the cards, he looks at a few and memorizes their order (say, A-4-9-K-7). After the laydown, he assembles the deck with the memorized cards on top. A false shuffle and bogus cut later (explained below), the cheat deals. No matter what the game, he automatically knows the first five hole cards.

Browsing the discards also allows the cheat to seek out particular cards for the upcoming



Forcing the cut: bending a portion of the deck before it's assembled for another hand (Figure 1). The bend will make an obvious place for a sucker to cut—right where the cheater wants you to (Figure 2).

deal. Even positioning a single ace to fall to his own hand is a huge advantage. Or, if the cheat has an ally seated to his left, he may drop out on his own deal, wait until the last card of the hand has been dealt, then look through the undealt cards and stack them for his partner's deal. The usual ploy to justify looking through the stub is "to see if I would have made my hand." Because the cheat is not in the game and all the cards have been dealt, his actions are perceived as harmless.

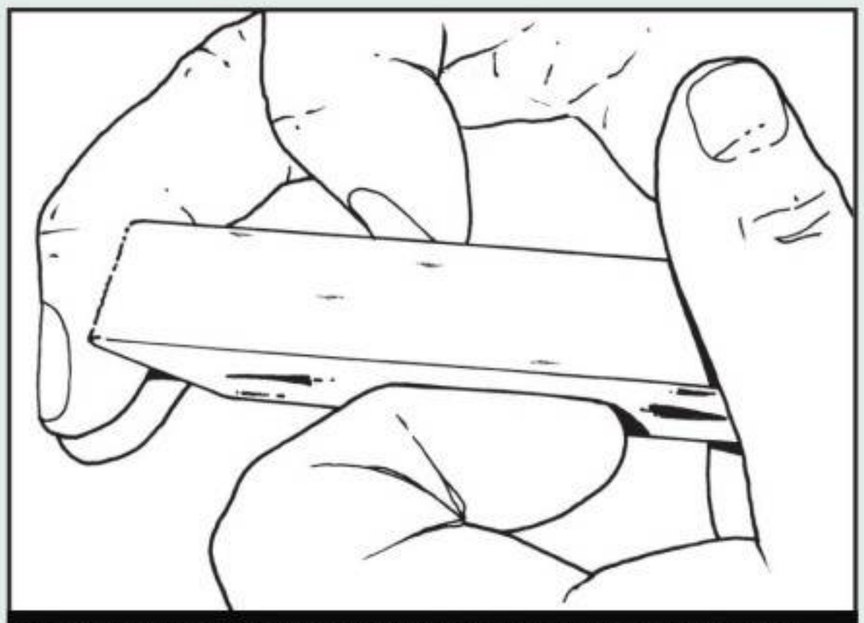
Looking through the discards is called "rabbit hunting," and that's open season for cheating. Rule it out, and you rule out an epidemic of miseries.

3. Cut the deck deliberately and complete the cut yourself.

Cutting the cards is no guarantee of an honest deal. Cheats have an arsenal of weapons to negate, undo and erase the cut, each with its own use at the card table. One sly method is known as *The Jump*. The cheat tables the deck to his right for the cut with a memorized slug on top. The cutter lifts a packet of cards and places them to the left of the bottom packet. The cheat now completes the cut by picking up the bottom half of the pack and immediately transferring it to his left hand. The right hand returns for the rest of the deck and adds it to the left hand's cards. This looks and feels like a cut, but it isn't. The deck is still in the original order.

Another method for solving the same problem is *Forcing the Cut*. Before offering the deck for the official cut, the cheat cuts it himself. As the right hand tables the top half of the deck, the left hand puts a convex bend or *bridge* along the length of the remaining cards by squeezing them between the fingers and the heel of the hand (Figure 1). The right hand adds the bridged cards to the tabled packet and picks everything up. *Now* the deck is offered for the official cut. It's almost guaranteed that the cutter will cut precisely at the bridge, as the flesh of the fingers and thumb enter the notched portion of the deck (Figure 2). When the cut is completed, the memorized slug is back on top.

These methods can be thwarted by deliberately cutting the deck at varying depths (so that it doesn't open at a bridge) and completing the cut yourself. Safer still, make it standard procedure to use a cut card. The cut card should be placed on the table, a portion of the pack cut to it, and then the cut can be completed using one hand.



Cheats can mark a new deck by bending, scraping or nicking the cards with their fingernail.

4. Count the cards often.

Knowing that you're playing with a full deck is the best defense against *holding out*, the cheat's venerable art of playing with more cards than his opponents. There are many methods for stealing an extra card. In draw or stud the cheat might bring his poker hand to the edge of the table and allow a wanted ace to fall into his lap. The remaining cards are mucked, and the ace is tucked under a thigh until needed (great for turning a pair of bullets into trips).

Rather than dropping and retrieving, some cheats will use a "bug," a small clip attached to the underside of the table. As he pretends to study his hole cards (conveniently hidden by the backs of his hands), the cheat slips them in and out of the clip. A mechanic, a pro with exceptional technical skills, can palm a card virtually any time he wishes—from the deck, the discards or his own hand—and keep it palmed until needed; no need to hide or ditch it.

Holding out provides a huge advantage in any game. However, it can be stopped cold by frequently counting the deck. This is standard practice in all casinos (if shuffling machines are used, the machines do the counting). When a deck is discovered short, the cheat will typically ditch the card under the table and hope everyone believes it got there by accident.

Even when the count is right, count again later. If a holdout artist is present, he'll think twice about making a move.

5. Remove all reflective objects from the table.

In cheating lingo, any reflective surface used to identify a playing card is called a *shiner* or *glim*. The classic version is a dime-size convex mirror concealed at the base of the pinkie and ring fingers in the hand that holds the deck. As the cheat deals, he passes the index of the top card over the shiner and notes its identity.

The drawback is that if the cheat is caught, there's no denying the evidence, which is why cheats have taken to using everyday objects as reflectors—among them, polished cigarette lighters, money clips, cell phones and even a cup of black coffee. These are placed openly on the table, yet no one recognizes their real purpose. When the cheat wants to see what down card he's dealing, he passes it over the shiner and takes a peek.

Pay attention and get all potential reflectors off the table. Watch out particularly for sunglasses.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TONY DUNN

"We'll file a report that George W. Bush kidnapped and raped you repeatedly over the past eight years—as soon as you cough up $1,000 for the rape kit."

Folded and placed slightly to the left of the dealer, they'll reflect the entire face of the card as it's dealt.

6. Change decks frequently.

A deck that starts out clean won't always end up that way. Cheats can mark cards *during* play by bending, nicking, scraping and otherwise mutilating them. It takes an hour or more to mark most of the target cards (obviously, the cheat can mark a card only when it falls to his hand). Once marked, the cheat will try to spot the cards from across the table.

The most common method is bending. Amateurs typically attack the corners of the cards, turning them up or down to indicate an ace or king; professionals put their bends—often nothing more than a barely discernible hump—into the long sides of the cards. The location of the bend indicates the card's value. (Suits—clubs, diamonds, hearts, spades—are ignored.) Nail nickers use the thumbnail to put a tiny indentation along the length of the card. (Again, the location of the mark indicates the value.) Every time he deals, the nicker can glance at the side of the deck and see the whereabouts of all the cards he has marked so far (Figure 3). As an ace or king nears the top of the deck, the cheat knows where it is, who will get it and—in Hold 'Em—whether it will appear on the flop.

Another marking system utilizes *daub*, a paste-like substance typically made from wax, oils and dye. Carried in a small tin pinned under the jacket, or packed into the recess of a button, the daub is applied with the swipe of a finger and imparts to the back of the card a subtle sheen that is invisible to the untrained eye. Some cheats mark cards with rouge, eyeliner or even sweat and dirt.

Nicks and bends can be detected by carefully inspecting all four sides of the deck. Any sign of a warp, bend or general wear and tear means it's time to bring in a new one. Daub is more difficult to detect, which is why decks should be changed every couple of hours as a matter of policy. Save the old decks and use them when you're only playing for quarters.

Final Thoughts: Cheating can be discouraged simply by paying attention. Watch the dealer's hands as he shuffles and distributes the cards. Watch the cut and the completion of the cut. Pay attention to what happens *between* hands. Despite a studied appearance of nonchalance, cheats are acutely aware of scrutiny. The more you pay attention, the less likely you'll be burned.

Allan Zola Kronzek, once a student of crooked-gambling expert Frank Garcia, is the author of *52 Ways to Cheat at Poker*. A professional magician, Kronzek and his daughter Elizabeth co-wrote the best-seller *The Sorcerer's Companion: A Guide to the Magical World of Harry Potter.*

LARRY FLYNT: "KEEP THOSE CHEATERS AWAY FROM THE GAME."

HUSTLER's publisher—and world-ranked poker player—on the card-table scammers

It's no news that Larry Flynt is known for being an international poker threat. Flynt is arguably the most famous American gambling "whale"—a casino high-stakes high roller—and has participated in and even sponsored prestigious tournaments such as the World Series of Poker, the Grand Slam of Poker and the Poker Challenge Cup.

Oh, yeah. And he's also the publisher and founder of HUSTLER Magazine, its retail stores, video franchises, clubs and casino. The "People's Pornographer" sits down to discuss his favorite pastime, and those cheating assholes who ruin everyone's fun.

HUSTLER: How have people tried to cheat against you?

LARRY FLYNT: The most common way to cheat effectively is called a "cold deck." Somebody who's not playing in the game stacks the cards. He knows how many people are playing and can determine which cards anyone is going to get, so when the casino changes dealers, the cheater just exchanges the house deck with the "cold deck." Now this only works if the casino's not watching carefully. The new dealer will pick up the cold deck and start dealing. This is brutal because everyone gets screwed when they deal out a bunch of full houses, flushes, 4-of-a-kinds, and straights—but only to the one person the cold deck is meant for. Massacre. That's the most effective way to cheat, but it's hard to pull off.

How about situations with more than one cheater?

Another one I've seen, almost impossible to detect, is a team cheat in a ring game [a game with eight people]. When the betting starts, we all ante up, then raise and re-raise. In the cheat, one member of the team gives a signal to the others—it could be an earlobe pull or a nose scratch—a gesture to his teammates. He's letting them know that he has got what he thinks is a winning hand. The other people on his team will do all the work in the cheating scheme. They call and raise him to build up the pot, even though from the very beginning they know they're not going to win. But their partner will win, and he'll win big. It's so effective because you can't really catch anybody cheating like this—not because you don't know what's happening, but because there's no way to prove it. You can't just lay that kind of claim on them during the game, because it's all pretty much assumption at that point. But it does exist, and it definitely does happen. This type of cheating can whittle poker players down pretty fast; it's not one-on-one, it's one versus a conspiracy and a team.

Ever caught anyone red-handed?

I've caught people looking at my cards and just tell them that they're at the wrong place if they think they can get away with that. If they get caught, they're gone—no questions asked. That always works; I don't stand for cheaters at my poker games.

It's much harder to catch cheaters when they actually know what they're doing, though. You can usually figure out that something is going on, but you either can't place your finger on it, or you simply can't prove it. That happens especially in Vegas when people have practiced cheating. But you really don't see cheaters very often. The people who play poker at top casinos are there for the thrill; they're there for the excitement and to prove they've got something good. We all want to win, but we want to do it right.

How do you deal with cheaters?

I'll wait a while until they're comfortable and then I'll catch them red-handed and kick 'em out. Which sucks, because no one wants to get kicked out of a HUSTLER club or casino. But we don't put up with cheats. That's not the point of poker, and that's not the point of our clubs. But like I said, it doesn't happen all that often. Some guys are really good, practically architects of cheating. You won't come across good ones very often who go long enough to not get caught or kicked out. Good cheats are rare, but that means more good poker for the rest of us.

What was the most clever cheat you've come across?

The best cheater I've ever come face to face with was in my own casino. This guy pulled a perfect cold deck, and it went right by me. He was so slick, so focused. It was on my own home turf. Brutal! We caught him, though, and we gave him the boot. He is no longer welcome in HUSTLER clubs or casinos. We take care of our own, especially against people who win when they shouldn't. It's really a shame that people cheat at the game of poker; you've got to watch those things and keep those cheaters away from the game.

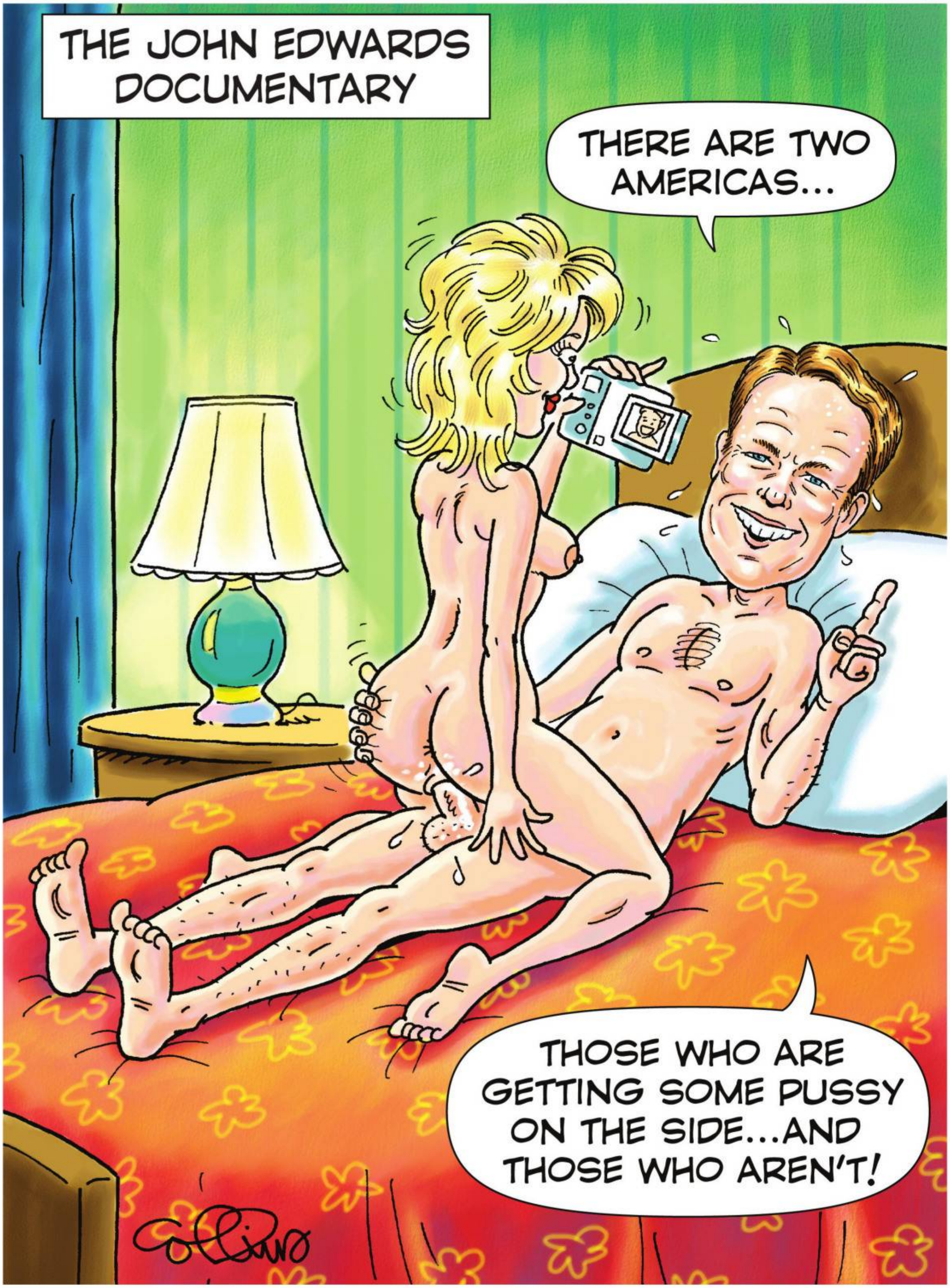
What makes a game good for you?

Last summer I played in Vegas for the World Series of Poker. It was great, but my favorite poker experiences are when most people can't afford the game, so I can intimidate them. I can make them lay down really good hands because they're scared to lose that much money. There's an old saying: "A jealous hand can't love, and scared money can't win." I usually pull off some good wins because I never go into poker jealous or scared.

Any good poker player knows that a good game is one where you win but also where you have to work to get the victory. The stress and the intimidation, that's all part of the thrill that makes poker what it really is. Even though it's fun to win the whole pot all the time, it's not a rewarding or good game unless you have a challenge. That's what makes it really worth it.

What was the best poker game you ever played?

I won a million dollars in one five-hour game. That was at my own casino here in Los Angeles, so that was really nice. It's like the house wins…but not really.


THE JOHN EDWARDS DOCUMENTARY
THERE ARE TWO AMERICAS...
THOSE WHO ARE GETTING SOME PUSSY ON THE SIDE...AND THOSE WHO AREN'T!

THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE

SCREEN NAME:

Wendy Rider

AGE: 28

STATUS: In a Relationship

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 75,913

LOCATION: Fort Lauderdale, Florida

URL: MySpace.com/MuscleBarbie1

While growing up in an extremely conservative household in Florida, our latest MySpace Girl went to church three times a week. Thankfully, those prudish days are long gone. Need proof? Just head to a gentlemen's club with Wendy Rider and witness the debauchery that unfolds.

"I was in the audience at a crowded strip bar, watching a feature dancer's show," the proud exhibitionist recalls. "She was really hot and brought me up onstage. We did it all and then some. The crowd went crazy, and so did we."

The fitness model, certified personal trainer and figure competitor has worked diligently to attain her rock-hard body, which she's quick to show off, especially in bed. A big fan of acting out her ever-evolving sexual fantasies, Wendy admits to being "insatiable, aggressive and experimental"—and those personality traits have literally landed her in more than a few sticky situations.

"I was with a boyfriend at a hot spot in Miami Beach," the Sunshine Stater recollects. "When we were dancing, there were a couple of really sexy girls who kept rubbing against us. We all ended up back at their hotel room, and one thing led to another. Everyone made the rounds with one another several times over. We were there so long, we ordered room service a few times."

Then there was the memorable afternoon Wendy was able to combine two of her favorite pastimes—sex and shopping—in a Neiman Marcus dressing room.

While the 36D-24-34 blonde loves to get down and dirty with both genders, she definitely prefers men. "Women are beautiful," Wendy admits, "but they don't do it for me as much as a man can." Meanwhile, when it comes to relationships, the zesty twentysomething has no problem being monogamous, but coyly questions, "Sex with women doesn't count, does it?"

You can see more of Wendy Rider at **ClubMuscleBarbie.com**.

BY MICHELLE McCARTHY

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 years of age or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at **MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine** or by e-mailing ***Hustler@LFP.com***.

MY SPACE #27: WENDY RIDER

Perez Hilton

DEEP INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

A modern-day Hedda Hopper, this gossip maestro knows a thing or two about our celebutard culture.

Perez Hilton, whose ultrapopular Web site rips on everyone and everything in Hollywood, is the king of showbiz gossip. We met up with the man behind **PerezHilton.com** so he could dish the dirt on stars from Lindsay Lohan (pussyeater) to Britney Spears (sex video) to Pamela Anderson (cokehead) and Howard Stern. But Perez turned the tables on us by asking the first question.

PEREZ HILTON: Why does HUSTLER Magazine want to do something on me? I don't think you have many gay readers or many female readers.

HUSTLER: Do you think straight guys don't care about gossip?

Straight females *love* my site, but I'd say the majority of straight guys don't. Niche straight guys who work in the entertainment industry, that live in very cosmopolitan cities, read my Web site. [But] I have to say that the average Joe American doesn't.

Is it safe to assume you're not a HUSTLER reader?

I don't read many magazines, but I have picked up HUSTLER. I like that it's hard-core. I like raunchy. I met this female porn star once, and we took a picture together. It ended up in this other hard-core magazine. I loved it because one page featured this chick getting fucked with a dildo. The next page had a picture of the porn star and me. I had to show it to my mom. She didn't love it so much, but I did.

When and why did you start the site?

I started blogging in September of 2004 as a hobby. I never thought anyone would read it except for my friends. I wasn't sure even my friends would read it. (*Laughs.*) One of the funny things to me is that I'm not tech-savvy, but blogging seemed easy. If it were hard, I probably wouldn't be doing it. Then it caught on relatively quickly, and now it's been over four years. Thankfully, every year my traffic and readership go up and up and up.

Why is celebrity gossip so popular?

People love celebrity gossip because it's fun, simple and easily digestible. It's universal. People have always been interested in celebrity dating as far back as medieval times and the royals. Everyone was gossiping about the king, the queen or the duchess and grand duke or whoever. Gossip can also be found on a micro level—in your neighborhood, or gossiping about the hot cheerleader in college who's banging half the football team. Gossip is intrinsically human.

Did you choose the moniker Perez Hilton as a play on Paris Hilton?

That came about when I started getting death threats. I used my real name when I first started blogging on a site called Page 666. Then I was sued by the *New York Post* because they had Page 6. So I changed the name.

Thankfully, I had already adopted the moniker of Perez Hilton. That came out of fear. I realized I was writing things that could really upset people, and it might be a good idea not to use my real name.

Perfect example is Clay Aiken. It's really funny that in September of 2008 he came out

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

as a gay man. In September of 2004 I was writing about him being gay and hooking up with people on the Internet. His fans started sending me hate mail. They created two hate Web sites that put up my home address, phone number and a picture of my apartment building, so it kind of freaked me out.

Is Paris Hilton really dumb?

I don't think she's dumb. I think sometimes she speaks using a very specific voice that may give the impression that she's an airhead. That's not how she always speaks. That's her acting. It's definitely a character she plays.

Do you think celebs are only friends with you so you won't say mean things about them?

Yeah, but I think that of everyone, not just celebrities. You don't have to be a celebrity to want to use someone for something.

What do you think of your biggest competitor, TMZ?

I don't consider them a competitor. I don't even read them.

Do you read the tabloids?

I read them when I'm on an airplane, although I probably will stop once I can get the Internet on a plane.

Have you seen the allegedly new Britney Spears sex tape?

Apparently it doesn't exist. This is the second wave of Britney sex tape rumors. A few years ago there were rumors she'd made a sex tape with Kevin Federline, and that tape never came out. I have a feeling that if she ever did make a sex tape, it would get out faster than I can say fast. Fast! Faster than that!

Do you think Britney Spears will ever get her shit together?

I think she will get her shit together, but she'll never reach the heights she had before. That happens with everyone. You peak, [and] it's really hard to maintain a certain level of success for a very long time. Madonna is still very successful, but she's not selling as many CDs as she used to.

Should celebrity come with an expiration date?

I think no! I actually like the fact that there is no expiration date in this celebrity culture we live in. If you achieve a certain level of fame, you will be famous for the rest of your life. Whether we like it or not, Lindsay Lohan will always be famous.

Look at Sharon Stone and Demi Moore. Neither of those women has been in a hit film in over a decade! Both of them are as famous today as they were ten years ago. Lindsay Lohan? Same thing. She will be famous for the next ten years or more.

Do you think Lindsay Lohan and Samantha Ronson are really a couple?

They're definitely a couple. They're eating pussy.

Why don't they come out and admit being lesbians?

I'm not even sure Lindsay *is* a lesbian. I don't think she is. She definitely is bisexual. Maybe she's not even bisexual. I just think she's a nymphomaniac/sexual compulsive. I'm not even saying that flippantly.

Who is the "man" in that relationship?

Well, my nickname for Samantha Ronson is "SaMan." She's the one that wears the **[deleted by our lawyers]**.

You and Howard Stern seem to have hit it off on his show.

I've been on three times now. I'm flattered he's had me on even once. I'd love to do it again. He's definitely an inspiration for me because he's someone who has been able to transcend his genre. Ask anyone and they would say Howard Stern is a big celebrity, not just a radio DJ. Because he's fearless, not afraid to speak his mind and try new things. The Sirius move was a big risk, but he did it anyway. He's got such longevity and a great, devout following. He says that he reads my Web site every day.

Let's play word association. We'll name a celebrity, and you'll say whatever comes to mind. Heather Locklear.

Tortured.

Pamela Anderson.

Coke.

Do you mean the refreshing cola beverage?

You can interpret it any way you want. Coked-out mess. I don't know about all the time, but a lot.

Shannon Doherty.

Comeback. Inspiring.

Do you think she'll blow it again?

She shows that you can get your act together and that life is a journey. If you make mistakes, you can overcome them—so long as you don't keep making them over and over again.

Amy Winehouse.

Heartbreaking.

The girls from *The Hills*.

Blond and relatable. Not to me, but to the viewers. That's why people watch.

Hollywood power couples?

Boring and rich and famous.

Oprah.

A hero. She's far from perfect. She holds grudges, she's always right, and she is flawed. But I love that. Despite her flaws, Oprah really is genuine and wants to make the world a better place. And she is good at what she does.

Are you still involved in lawsuits over photo usage?

All done. Nothing to worry about. I'm by the books now. So if anyone out there has hundreds of millions of dollars and would like to buy my Web site, it's all legit.

If someone offered you a ton of money, would you sell PerezHilton.com?

For at least $500 million.

What would you do after that?

I would only sell half of it and still be involved. I'd sell 49%. The only way I'll stop this is if I had so much money, I never needed anything. Then I'd probably go off and be a dad. I want to have kids.

[They're definitely a couple. They're eating pussy.]

Ladies Who Lick

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

SABRINA ROSE & PAOLA REY

Up-and-coming porn starlet **Sabrina Rose** is quickly becoming one of our new favorites. Our one "complaint" is that the sexy blonde, who was first seen in these pages as the cum-basted model in a parody ad for *The Spirit* (January '09), does mostly girl-on-girl flicks. "I just prefer the taste of a woman to a man," **Sabrina** fesses up. "That doesn't mean I don't have sex with a guy from time to time. With a woman, we have the same parts and know how to make them come alive. I know exactly where to lick and tease on a pussy to get the right results. Guys don't always get it right. Maybe my hot girlfriends and I should give lessons."

Meanwhile, her pal **Paola Rey** is no stranger to bisexuality. "I got started at a very early age," the Brazilian bombshell discloses. "I was always very interested in exploring all kinds of sex. The first time I had a lesbian experience, I was 18. It was the most fun I'd ever had. I laughed through it. Maybe that was because the girl I was with was tickling me all over with her tongue. I love the taste of pussy. Most times a nice pussy tastes like ice cream."

As you can see, when **Sabrina** and **Paola** hook up, sparks fly, and the results are nothing short of spectacular. Here's to gorgeous ladies who lick!

See **Sabrina Rose** get hosed in *Real College Girls: Lesbian Stories* and *Euro Babes Gone Wild* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

COUGARS UNLEASHED #2!

BY LUNA AZUL

THIS MONTH: SEKA / AGE: 54 / LOCATION: Missouri / SEE HER AT: **Seka.com**

This is a column dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

Mention the name Seka (pronounced SAY-kuh) to any blue-movie buff, and there is immediate recognition. This alluring, sexually confident performer starred in almost 200 XXX films. Teaming up with such luminaries as John Holmes, Jamie Gillis and Veronica Hart, she did it all: boy/girl pairings, lesbian romps, anal sex, double penetration and gang-bangs. But it was Seka's striking beauty that led to her being dubbed "The Platinum Princess."

(continued on page 76)

PHOTOS COURTESY SEKA

FEATURING THE WORLD'S HOTTEST OLDER WOMEN!

See me at Seka.com

COUGARS UNLEASHED #2: Seka

(continued from page 74) Then known as Dottie, the future superstar was introduced to porn while managing an adult-book store in Virginia. Convinced she was more attractive than the models featured in the magazines and films she was selling, Dottie ventured to Las Vegas, where she was hired for a nude layout. The spread caught the attention of XXX filmmakers, and the rest is history. Changing her name to Seka—which she says roughly means "little sweetheart" in Serbo-Croatian—the statuesque newbie quickly became the woman that men all across America and beyond would fantasize about.

In 1982, at the height of her career, Seka abruptly stopped doing hard-core films because producers refused to pay the money she felt she deserved. Instead she focused on building her fan base.

Making several brief comebacks, Seka starred in a handful of videos in the late '80s and early '90s. Her finale, *American Garter* (VCA)—along with numerous other Seka titles—can be found at **PornStarClassics.com** and **PornStarLegends.com**.

Providing an excellent retrospective is *Desperately Seeking Seka*, which was screened at film festivals around the world and was ultimately banned in Singapore. Praised by the porn icon and now on DVD, the documentary can be purchased at **DesperatelySeekingSeka.com**.

The movie Seka is most proud of, *Careful He May Be Watching* (1987), is one she not only starred in, but also co-wrote. It has recently been reformatted to include never-before-seen footage. Video-X-Pix is the current distributor, but if you can't find the DVD at a porn retailer, you can order it from **Seka.com**.

Seka's official Web site contains her diary, a calendar of public appearances, video clips, previously worn attire (thongs, stockings and pantyhose can be purchased), personally autographed photos and trivia. Finally, there's a biography of the still-breathtaking Seka, who was born in 1954.

User-friendly **Seka.com** also contains an array of photos from the Cougar's childhood, her prominence in porn's Golden Age and today. Her soothing voice welcomes visitors to relax and enjoy.

Seka's appeal is timeless. Seka thrives.

Luna Azul is a 57-year-old who drives men insane with passion at ***CougarWaitingForYou.com****. Check out the hot action and see if you don't agree.*

If you are interested in being featured in our Cougars Unleashed column please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to hustler@lfp.com.

DRAGON*CON 2008:

ConSluts gone wild

THE ANNUAL SCI-FI/ FANTASY WING-DING KEEPS GETTING BIGGER, WHACKIER AND NUDER THAN A HORDE OF DRUNKEN TRIBBLES.

BY SUN KARMA

The latest Dragon*Con expo in Atlanta boasted even hotter parties, crazier people (in various degrees of nakedness) and more "adult beverages" than I'd seen at any previous gathering. Once again, crazies flocked in droves.

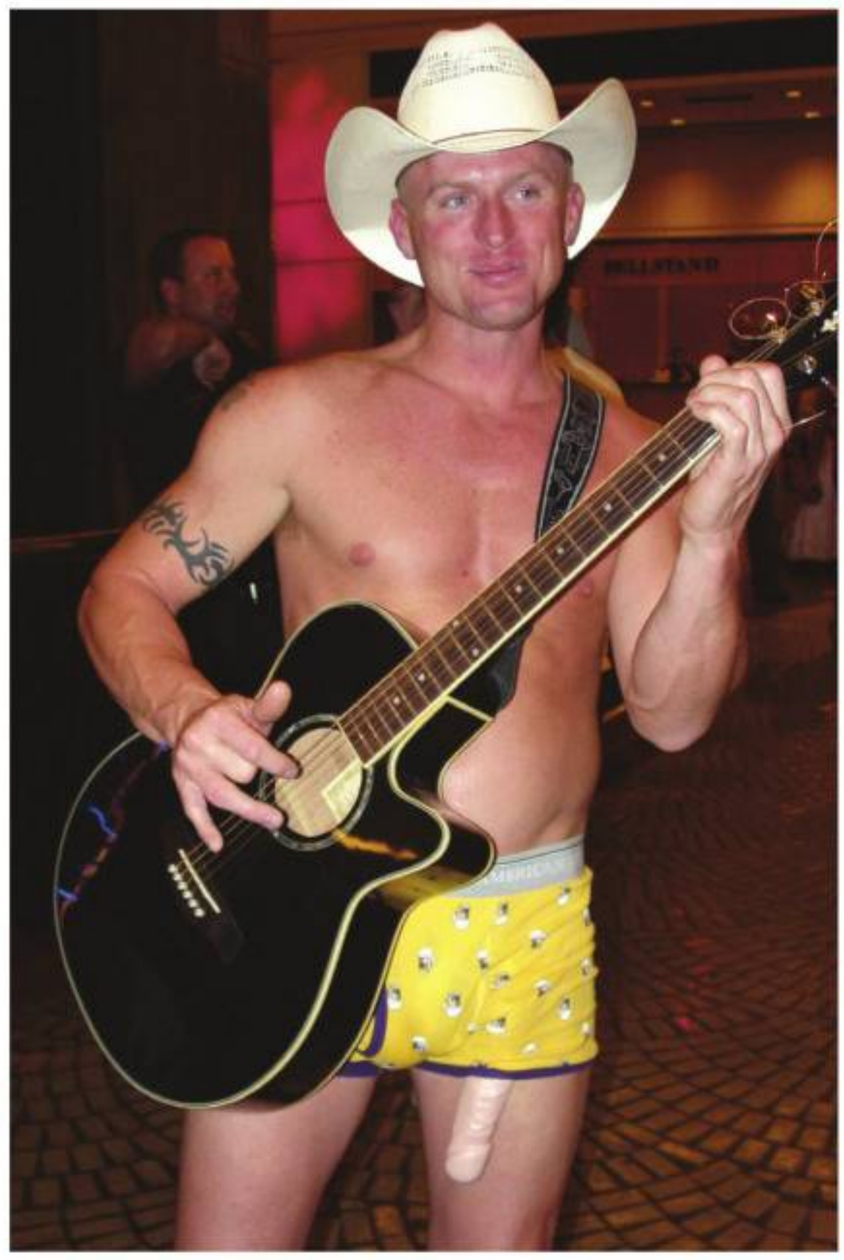
Each year I seem to attract the unusual, obtrusive and insane. Such was the case with Danger Woman, a "special" individual. Over the past few years she has become the face of Dragon*Con, however peculiar that may seem.

Danger Woman singled me out while I waited in line for my press pass. Launching into a heated diatribe, she said, "They won't allow me to have 'grown-up' feelings." Meaning, I suppose, people had somehow desexed the chick because of her apparent mental slowness. For Danger Woman, as for many attendees each year, the sci-fi convention signaled a time to let loose, celebrate and fornicate.

Danger Woman added, "I'm not sure why they did that to me. I'm a woman, and I have feelings like that all the time. And you can quote me on that." That became my theme for Dragon*Con 2008: "grown-up feelings"—a/k/a sex!

PHOTOS COURTESY OF SUN KARMA AND EVIL FX/DAVID CARPENTER

DRAGON*CON 2008: ConSluts GONE WILD



Battlestar Galactica humanoid cylon Aaron Douglas reads up on "Sex with Robots" in his favorite magazine.

I saw my favorite Battlestar Galactican and Cylon, Aaron Douglas, again, but I think I pissed off Hercules (Kevin Sorbo), because he didn't attend any of my parties. Although my Hercules was a no-show, we had a bevy of other stars grace us with their presence: Michael Rosenbaum (TV's Lex Luthor on *Smallville*), Japanese action comic/punk group Peelander-Z (these guys were crazy), Jeremy Bulloch (Boba Fett in the original *Star Wars* films) and DJ Spyder, a very hot female techno/rave DJ.

Having garnered press from *AVN* and other adult entities, the ConSluts party was at the heart of the festivities. The bash, hyped as the be-all/end-all of Dragon*Con, was highlighted by a hearty striptease contest. Behind a curtain, silhouetted girls took turns hovering over guys seated in a chair and were then judged Olympic-style on how raunchy each of their lap dances were. I was one of the judges, giving my fractioned percentages with vigor, much to the amusement of Aaron Douglas.

ConSluts also hosted a lively competition titled "POW! Right in the Kisser," in which a girl had to slurp whipped cream from the end of a banana, getting as much of it into her mouth as humanly possible. The contestant with the most white froth in her mouth won. But the winner went above and beyond, performing a snowball on her guy, putting the whipped cream in her mouth and then kissing him. The crowd roared. Then there was the banana fellatio contest. You can see from the accompanying photo how wild this got!

While at a party thrown by Wolf Pack Elite (a gang of costumers of which I am a glorified member), I ran into *Babylon 5*'s Michael Garibaldi, a/k/a talk-jock Jerry Doyle, whose radio show is a crazed mix of politics, pop culture and strong opinions. Since Jerry's extreme conservatism pisses me off, I took fiendish delight in thrusting myself at him for a photo-op. Not so delightful was the sight of the guy shoving his tongue down the throat of an unattractive African-American female. (Perhaps Jerry's date or a pickup; who's to say?)

At this particular party I wore my *Sin City* "Gail" costume, which I'd crafted out of fishnet and leather bondage gear. Since the boots I'd chosen were thigh-high platforms with eight-inch heels—buckled at the ankle, calf, mid-thigh and thigh—I was doomed to have a wardrobe malfunction. Walking around in them proved difficult. Cute, yes. Comfortable, hell no! I attempted to do a spin upon a wobbly stripper pole and nearly fell on my ass.

I cavorted on a stage with the girls from Cosplay Deviants, akin to Suicide Girls but slightly prepubescent-looking and sans superfluous body decoration. Then I simulated going down on a woman, all the while tossing my wig's blonde locks in the air. I must've made any girl who was a stripper at heart seethe with envy as I flipped over on my back from the poon-eating pose. With the crowd screaming hysterically, I wondered why I ever got out of the business of peddling tits and ass in a stripper thong.

I also devoted some time to LARP (live action role-playing). Somehow the only game I found mildly entertaining got fucked up. I paid $5 for a watered-down version of *The Masquerade*, a game trying to be *Warcraft* with a new system of magic-wielding characters. It was sickening. My childhood LARP-ing days were long over, and this confirmed it. Boo-hoo.

Spat, from **SpatCave.com**, summed up Dragon*Con perfectly when he said to me: "I think the convention is getting too big for itself. There was a group of Brits who came to the Con for the first time this year, and they were having the time of their lives! Then, on the third day, I actually brought them into the Con itself. They were amazed. They assumed the whole show was just at the bars and in the Marriott hotel lobby. They had missed the autograph area, the panels and the dealers' room completely—and they were still having a great time. That says something about the Con, doesn't it?"

Indeed, it does.

Sun Karma—HUSTLER's roving reporter and occasional model—has written a number of books, including *Pure: Memoirs of Sex, Abuse and Addiction*. You can find the erudite exhibitionist at **SunKarma.net** and **MySpace.com/SunKarma**. She also enjoys hearing from her fans, who are invited to send messages to *TheRealSunKarma@gmail.com*.

"Shit, Mona, it's the fourth quarter! Couldn't you wait until the game was over?!"

"I guess you could call it a freak accident. I fucked this freak who didn't use a condom!"

Tails of the Bunny Ranch

It's not always about the money

A kinky customer gives new meaning to the term "blowjob."

Many times when I agree to entertain a gentleman for the house minimum, I make the most of it by having a playful attitude and thinking, *Well, it's only ten minutes out of my life. Let's see if I can at least get a good orgasm or chuckle in the time allotted.*

I generally get around $2,000 an hour for an "anything goes" party, and I have tons of repeat clients who see the value in that. I therefore consider a $100 party as charity work. Since a lot of the newer girls at the BunnyRanch aren't so accommodating, I make sure to wait in the parlor for a guy who couldn't agree on a price with one of the other

PHOTOS COURTESY AIR FORCE AMY

THE STARS OF HBO'S *CATHOUSE* RECOUNT

Since 1955 the Moonlite BunnyRanch has been servicing horndogs 24/7, 365 days a year. Under flamboyant owner Dennis Hof, the Carson City, Nevada, legal bordello has become internationally famous for its willing women and wild times.

ladies. I'm always interested to learn why this happened and see this as my chance to have a little fun and make a little money.

One evening a gentleman who couldn't afford a Ranch girl's minimum was led back to the parlor, and I said, "Hi, honey. Would you like to come check *my* prices?"

He did. As usual, I simply asked him, "What are you looking for?"

He replied, "Oh, just a handjob."

So I said, "Okay, what are you looking to spend?"

When he told me $100, I tried my best to convince him to spend at least $200 or more. He wouldn't budge, so I agreed on the low price, but before he handed me a $100 bill, he said, "There's something else."

"Of course," I agreed too quickly. "What more do you want, honey?"

"I have a balloon fetish, " he said.

My imagination raced wildly, searching the angles of a balloon fetish. I immediately exclaimed, "Okay, as long as they're not filled with heroin—and I'll use my own balloons."

The gentleman asked, "How much more will this cost?" I asked how much he had; he said an extra 40 bucks. I took his payment to the cashier and booked our party. At this point I didn't care. I knew I'd get one helluva story.

From behind the bar, which is next to the parlor, I fetched a handful of balloons kept in a box for our weekly birthday celebrations. I chose iridescent pink and clitoris red as the most erotic colors.

Once in my room, the gentleman and I both undressed and hopped on the bed. Then I took a handful of balloons and rubbed them all over my naked body as I knelt over him. I eventually dropped the bundle of balloons and started caressing his hairy chest with them. Before long, my big, buxom boobs were scattering the balloons all over the guy. *(continued on page 108)*

THEIR MOST MEMORABLE SEXPLOITS.

All Laid Out

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

LINDSAY MARIE

I like guys with big cocks!" anything-but-shy **Lindsay Marie** exclaims. "No offense to small-dicked men, since they tend to try extra-hard and are usually good at oral. But there's this sweet spot way inside my pussy that can only be reached by a well-endowed guy. I have the juiciest orgasms when that happens."

Lindsay quickly adds, "I don't want a sex partner who's all meat and nothing else. A dumb dude packing a giant tool won't be getting a second lay from me. I like to spend time with a man I can talk to as well as screw. That's why my dream lover would have a really great body and be hung like a horse, yet have the brains of someone like Einstein or Obama."

LINDSAY MARIE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Chandler, Arizona | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 106

Besides catering to her insatiable sexual appetite, **Lindsay** regularly kicks up her heartbeat outside the bedroom. "I work out like a fiend to keep myself in tip-top shape," the lascivious lady confides. "I have to because I've got a bit of a sweet tooth. If I didn't go to the gym all the time, I'd probably weigh close to 200 pounds, and then nobody would want to see me naked. I'd hate that!"

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xoxo, Lindsay Marie

HUSTLER HUMOR

Really having to pee, Timmy rushed into the bathroom as his mother was stepping out of the shower. "What's that furry thing between your legs?" the curious lad asked.

"Oh, that's my squirrel," the quick-thinking twentysomething replied.

Later on, Timmy had another urge to piss. He ran into the bathroom again, this time catching his 70-year-old grandmother exiting the shower. Checking out her crotch, Timmy muttered, "My mommy has a squirrel between her legs just like you, but yours is a lot saggier and grayer."

Granny snapped, "Yeah, well, let's just say your mommy's squirrel hasn't cracked as many nuts as mine has!"

Question: What's the difference between a flat economy and flat-chested Ann Coulter?

Answer: At least a flat economy will rebound someday.

Looking for something that could cut down a dozen trees in an hour, a West Virginian strolled into a hardware store. "I got just what you need," the proprietor told him. He plopped a chain saw on the counter and boasted, "This here puppy is the top of the line and would put a beaver to shame!"

Impressed, the rube paid for the chain saw and walked out the door.

The next day he returned in a rage and complained, "This piece of shit only cut down one tree, and it took *all day!*"

Embarrassed, the store owner took the chain saw and fired it up.

"What's that noise?!" the backwoods boob bellowed.

A cucumber, a pickle and a penis were talking about how their lives sucked. "When I get big, fat and juicy," the cucumber grumbled, "someone sprinkles spices on me and tosses me into a jar of brine!"

"That ain't shit," the pickle hissed. "When I get big, fat and juicy, someone cuts me up and sticks me on hamburgers."

"What a couple of pussies!" the penis exclaimed. "When I get big, fat and juicy, someone puts a rubber bag over my head, shoves me into a dark, cramped room and bangs my head against the wall until I throw up all over myself and pass out!"

Riding down a country road, Leroy pointed out a spot in the brush to Bubba. "That's where I first had sex," Leroy said with pride.

"Dang!" Bubba hooted. "How was it?"

"It was fine," Leroy replied, "until I looked up and saw her mama watchin' us goin' at it."

"Aw, shit!" Bubba yelped. "What did she say?"

"*Baaaaaa!*" Leroy uttered sheepishly.

Question: What's the difference between getting a Valentine's Day blowjob from an 80-year-old biddy and walking a tightrope?

Answer: We don't know, but in both cases you sure don't wanna look down.

On the first day of kindergarten the teacher insisted that the kids refrain from baby talk and instead use "big people" words. When she asked little Billy what he'd done during the summer, he piped, "I went for a ride on a choo-choo."

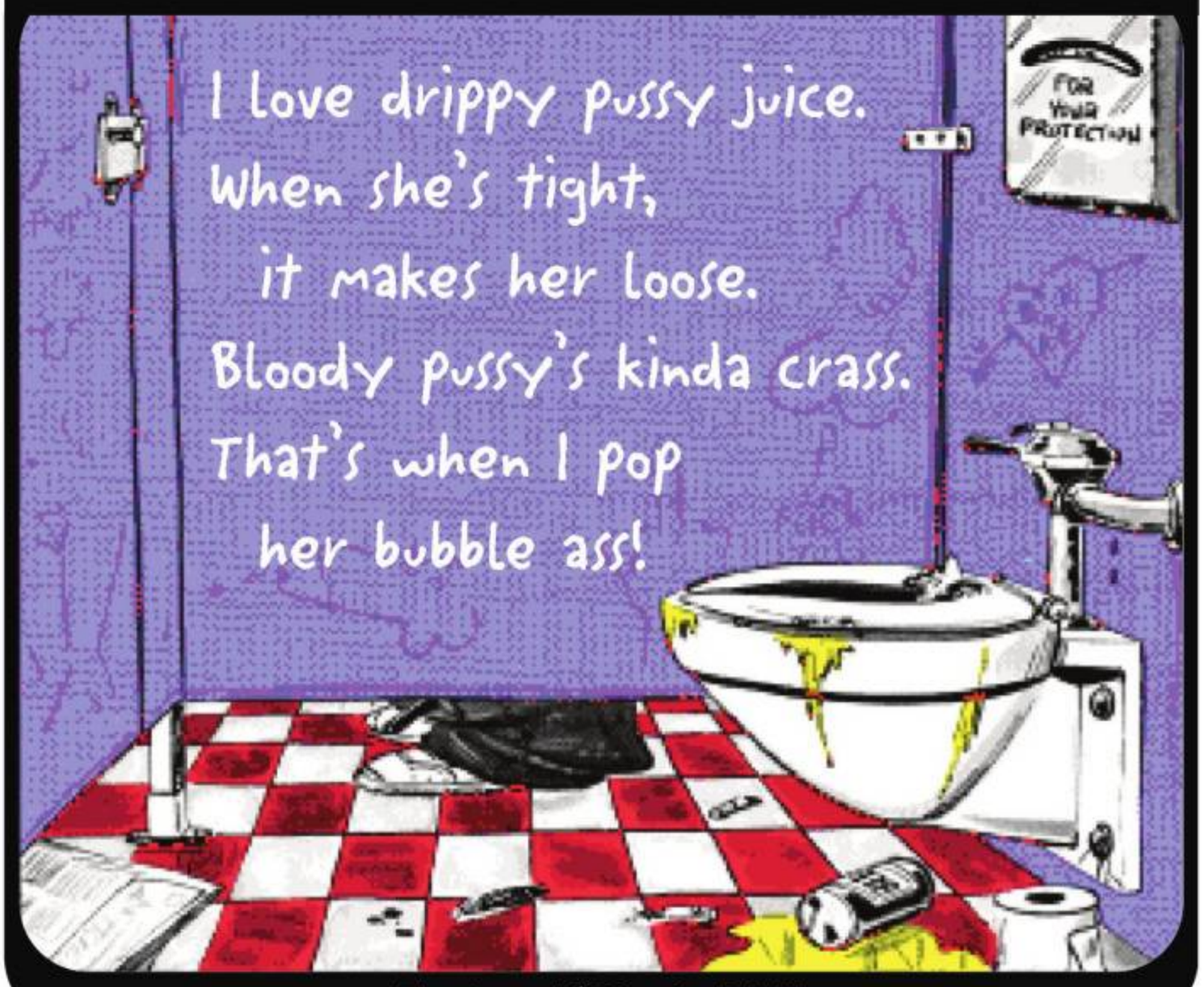
"No, you didn't!" the teacher shrieked. "You took a ride on a train, Billy. Remember, you're in school now and must use big people words! The next pupil who uses baby talk will get detention. So, Johnny, what was the last book you read?"

Johnny thought real hard and then answered, "Winnie the Shit!"

Question: How do you get a dog to stop humping your leg?

Answer: Pick it up and suck its dick.

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Bob M.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

"Oh, man, don't kiss her! Their mouths are filthy!"

Sebastian Bach

"I Dig Fuckin'!"

Yes, former Skid Row lead singer Sebastian Bach loves fuckin'. We caught up with him backstage on the Poison/Dokken/Sebastian Bach tour, where he ranted about his second career as a reality star, best pal Axl Rose and fuckin'. Man, he loves fuckin'.

HUSTLER: You just kicked the audience's ass. How do you feel right now?

SEBASTIAN BACH: That was fucking exhausting! As I get older, I don't feel any different onstage, but when I get offstage, it's like *Holy fuck!* (*Laughs.*) There's just a lot of energy, and I can't explain why music makes me hyper. It's like magic. It takes me a good half-hour to get my heart rate back to where I can just breathe normally after a show. It's like I just ran a marathon or something.

When you're on the bill with other bands, like tonight's gig, is there any competitiveness?

No, because…well…not musically, because we are extremely different. The part about me going on before Dokken, I'm not too thrilled with that. Nothing against Dokken personally; it's just that I don't understand why I'm the opening act. If there is any competitiveness, it's that I feel I should be going on second, not opening the show. It doesn't even make sense songwise. "Youth Gone Wild," "18 and Life," "I Remember You." Those are tough songs to beat.

What prompted you to give a big "Fuck you!" salute to Scott Weiland tonight?

You know, I try my hardest to be a good boy, and usually I fail miserably. (*Laughs.*) And that was one of those instances. I'm just tired of him talking about me.

PHOTO BY ERIC ALTHOFF

PHOTO BY KEITH VALCOURT

Is it true that you've been asked to replace Weiland in Velvet Revolver?

No. I was jamming with Velvet Revolver before Scott Weiland. Slash did call me, but not about Velvet Revolver. It's another project. It was a different thing. I love my album *Angel Down* a lot more than I like Velvet Revolver music. I'm just being honest. I'm not trying to say I'm better than them.

Tell us about the Slash project.

I can't give you the details, but it was a supergroup with one of the biggest drummers in the history of rock. The drummer called Slash, and I can't really talk about it because it could happen in the future. The drummer also called me and said he and Slash wanted me to sing in their band. It's crazy. Slash and I talked about what kind of songs we would do. It's not happening right now.

Does it bother you that Skid Row, the band you made famous, is still out there playing without you?

Yes, it bothers me because they're wrecking the brand. These days it's all about branding, and they've wrecked it. If I went back with them now, it would be very confusing because fans would say, "Skid Row, I thought I hated them. Wait! Sebastian is back with them? But I just saw them playing at a bowling alley. Aren't they playing at T.G.I. Friday's on Thursday night?"

That may be rotten to say, but they kicked me out, so fuck them! (*Laughs.*) If you get fired from your job, you're not going to be "Oh, I love my boss." You're like, "Fuck that fucking cock!" I gave those guys the best years of my life from when I was 18 to 28. You only got one life.

I didn't know I didn't own the name. I just thought I did. Then I found out two guys from the group went and registered a trademark of the name without telling the other three. But whatever! I just played to a near-sold out amphitheater, and we do this every night.

Besides rocking, you have a side career as a reality TV star. How did that happen?

I did all these VH1 shows. One was *I Love the 70s,* and the writer/director of *Gilmore Girls* saw me on VH1 saying some silly-ass shit, and they cast me on her show. The reality shows came from that. Right now I have three shows. *Gone Country 2* is hilarious. It's seven celebrities living in Barbara Mandrell's house in Nashville. My roommate was Jermaine Jackson of the Jackson Five. Across the hall were Lorenzo Lamas and Chris Kirkpatrick from *NSYNC.

How did you get along with your housemates?

They were nice. Mikalah Gordon from *American Idol* and Sean Young, the train wreck actress who got kicked out of the DGA Awards, were on it too. She's crazy.

If you had the chance, would you do a *Rock of Love*?

I'm already doing three shows. I'm doing a *Rock Band* video game television show where I am mentoring little rockers on how to rock. Then my chick Maria got offered her own series on the E! channel. Reality TV is the culture we live in. People love this stuff.

I was offered a show like *Rock of Love.* It was called *Miss Pole Star.* And they wanted me to judge chicks stripping. Like who's the best on the pole?

Has being a new parent mellowed you out?

I also have a 20-year-old. I was having kids when I did "Youth Gone Wild." See, I dig fuckin'. So that's what happens. I do; I dig fuckin'. I like fuckin', and kids happen. Call me kooky, but I dig fuckin'.

Why did you decide to cover Aerosmith's "Back in the Saddle" on your new CD, *Angel Down*?

That was the idea of my producer, Roy Z. I didn't want to do any covers. We had 13 songs done. But he said, "Dude, you're Bach, and you're back, and you're coming back with Bach!" I wasn't convinced about doing the cover version till my band played it. The way they fucking played, it was mean. It kicks so much ass! It's so good, and Axl Rose is there screaming like a demon.

How did you get Rose to sing three songs on your CD?

I texted him. That was it. I know. I tried to make some crazy story up because no one can fathom it. You know what? Get the CD, load it into your fucking iPod, put on your fucking headphones and crank it! It's really him.

Have you heard Guns N' Roses' album *Chinese Democracy*?

I sing a song on it. It's one album that's incredible. I've heard many, many demos from *Chinese Democracy*. I haven't heard the album in a while though, not since January 2007. At that time Axl had about 40 songs going. All demos. We spent all night just cranking it.

I've been in touch with him, and he's got one album ready to go. When he played me all the stuff, it was all so good, I thought he had four albums. I said that in the press, and he texted me: "Dude, I don't have four albums. Quit saying that. You're fucking me up!" (*Laughs.*) Axl wanted me to tell the press he has one incredible album, and it's coming out.

When do you think it will see the light of day?

Dude, I know it doesn't seem like it, but it's coming out. Nobody wants it out more than Axl. I swear. He wants it out so he can get on with his fucking life. It's coming, dude.

PHOTO BY ERIC ALTHOFF

Since you like fucking, give us a good rock 'n' roll sex story.

People always say to me, "How can you be married and be the lead singer of a rock band?" My new wife, she's wild. (*Laughs.*) She likes fucking, and she likes chicks. I'm hosting the Juno Awards [Canada's equivalent of the Grammys], and she is with me. She is wearing these fishnet stockings and high-heeled stiletto pumps and a leather skirt that looks like chaps with fringe. Her whole crotch thing is open, just with panties on. It's hard to describe, but it's so fucking hot! The whole night everybody is like, "Look at your chick!"

> **This is all I want in life: lesbianism, hot chicks in an elevator.**

After I host the awards show, we're back at the hotel in the elevator. There's like a thousand people in the elevator. It's like a big party. It's crammed. It starts emptying out, and my girl and I get to our floor. As I start to exit the elevator, I turn around and say, "Come on, babe."

Then I see her in the corner of the elevator with her chaps down around her knees with another chick jamming her fingers in her fucking pussy. I didn't know she was like that until that moment. So the three of us get to the hotel room, and I watch these two go at it all fucking night. Then I jump in.

The next morning I went downstairs to get a coffee and thought, *I have got to marry this girl.* This is all I want in life: lesbianism, hot chicks in an elevator, what the fuck else do you need? She satisfies me in every way. Ask Tera Patrick about her.

Eagles of Death Metal:

Living the Dream

PHOTO BY KEITH VALCOURT

Don't underestimate the power of this band by calling it a "side project." Sure, EoDM was started by Jesse "The Devil" Hughes IV (son of the Marshall Tucker Band's founder) and his bud Josh "Baby Duck" Homme of Queens of the Stone Age/Kyuss fame, but they're more than an ego-driven one-off. The Eagles of Death Metal may just be the group that saves music.

Their third CD, *Heart On*, delivers a healthy dose of unabashed rock 'n' roll swagger with tongue firmly planted in cheek. Don't believe us? Go online and check out the video for the catchy-as-hell single "Wannabe in L.A." We caught up with the dynamic duo at their Pink Duck Studios in Los Angeles. (Yeah, they have capes.)

HUSTLER: Are you fans of our magazine?

JESSE HUGHES: I just bought HUSTLER because it has a four-hour DVD! It's genius!

JOSH HOMME: The word *bookstore* has a totally different connotation for this guy.

HUGHES: We really are fans of the magazine, and we really love Larry Flynt. He had this great quote: "It's a $30-billion industry. The genie is out of the bottle, and there is no putting it back in now."

HOMME: I dig Flynt because I think he's a true American. I think it's so easy to scapegoat someone like Larry Flynt, but if you ever listen to him talk, you can't scapegoat him. He said: "There are two types of people who talk about pornography: Those who don't know what they're talking about and those who don't know what they're missing." Shit like that makes me believe Larry Flynt should run for President.

How did the band start?

HOMME: It started as an idea. We wanted to be in something that was fun—and in a way where that word doesn't sound weird. "Wanna hear some fun rock?" Normally people hear that and say, "Stop right there!"

They think Weird Al?

HOMME: Exactly.

HUGHES: Our friendship is based on observing absurdities in things, especially when it comes to music. The notion that has infected music that you can't belong: "You can't wear a Clash T-shirt unless you've been into the band since 1981!" We would look at that shit and think, *That's stupid!*

HOMME: Cool is not defined by what you're better than. That's why I think this (*pumps his fist in the air*) is the coolest thing possible because it's also the lamest thing possible. Because what it says is: "I don't care that people around me are judging me because I fucking like this shit." It's your commitment to get into something. That's what's cool to us.

Why is the band called Eagles of Death Metal?

HUGHES: We were in the backseat of a VW van with the license plate DOOMED on it.

HOMME: And our friend is trying to convince us to get into death metal.

HUGHES: We were busting his balls, like, "Eating babies? What the fuck is wrong with you?! Josh says, "Nah, that's bullshit! Play some *real* death metal."

HOMME: The thing is, I heard what he was playing, and I actually respect it because it's intense. I just said, "That's not death metal! We're starting a death metal band that's going to soar above all other death metal bands."

HUGHES: The Eagles of Death Metal! I spit graham crackers everywhere.

HOMME: It sort of dropped a psychological gauntlet at our feet. We wanted to make music but didn't know what to aim at or where to direct ourselves until that moment.

Do you worry that the Eagles' Glenn Frey and Don Henley might sue you?

HOMME: Did they invent the word *eagles*? I guess we're okay then.

HUGHES: In a technicality, we are the Eagles of Death Metal, but our fans affectionately refer to us as the Eagles. We are Laurel Canyon cowboys.

Do you think you could kick Frey's and Henley's asses in a fight?

HOMME: I think once we helped them up, because they're a little older now. No, I'm just kidding.

HUGHES: I think if Jackson Browne was still writing lyrics for them, they would be able to verbally pound us. I'm just kidding. I fucking love the Eagles, dude.

HOMME: We're California desert boys. Their song "Take It Easy" is our life story.

HUGHES: They made great music, and that

was their trip. And they could sing!

Have any real death metal fans ever complained to you?

HUGHES: I had some threats from this Norwegian dude. I wrote him a letter and said we're just taking it back to formula. I had a talk with the devil, and he wanted it to look like a rose again instead of just thorns.

HOMME: The devil wants chicks to be there. Not just dicks to be there.

HUGHES: Rock 'n' roll forgot about chicks. I'm not putting down any particular band, but when you go to a concert and see a bunch of aggressive dudes pumping their fists—

HOMME: I'm in! I'm in *my car*, leaving the venue as quickly as possible.

Are there chicks at your shows?

HOMME: It's actually mostly chicks.

HUGHES: Every night is ladies' night out with the Eagles of Death Metal. We are able to love women in a good way; it's not just "girls, girls, girls."

How would you describe the music?

HOMME: Hillbilly music and stripper drum beats. Because that's our audience. Do you drink Budweiser? Get on over here!

HUGHES: This ain't no fucking Bible study, dude! Let's call it like it is. This is rock 'n' roll. I want to shake my dick and have a good time.

HOMME: Also, musically, we aren't trying to reinvent the wheel. We're just saying, "We have a wheel, and it's pretty badass. If you want to roll with us, all right!"

Do the Eagles of Death Metal have a credo?

HOMME: My grandpa said, "When you're trying to reach for the lights in a dark orgy, that's not the switch." (*Laughs.*) I've always applied it, and it isn't the switch.

HUGHES: The Eagles of Death Metal to me has always been about two best friends having the shits-and-giggles best time of their life. Living the dream, baby!

HOMME: Living the fucking dream until the house falls down and then being like, "That was awesome!" *Heart On* is our quasi *Back in Black*. It is the Eagles of Death Metal you know and love, but it's more.

HUGHES: This is the greatest job. I feel like the luckiest redneck ever. I feel like I should be walking up to people and saying, "Hi, I'm Jesse. Thanks!"

HOMME: He does, and it makes me uncomfortable.

The Dirty Dozen

TWELVE NEW DISCS YOU NEED

KING DUST
King Dust

Although we are far from being fans of necrophilia, the cover of this CD—with a girl in a body bag—gets us excited. The music of King Dust is hard-driving arena rock that rivals bands like the Cult and Led Zep's finest moments.

SEA MONSTER
Livin' on Love...And Other Notes From the Killing Floor

We just found your favorite new rock band. These New Yorkers live, eat and breathe rock 'n' roll à la the Jesus Lizard and AC/DC. Sea Monster's latest is a one-two-three knockout punch. Highlights include "Killer," "Party for Caesar" and "Continental."

RODNEY DANGERFIELD
Greatest Bits

Sadly, the true king of comedy is no longer with us. This hilarious compilation features some of his greatest standup routines and the should-have-been-a-hit-song "Rappin' Rodney." Seems that in death the comic genius is finally getting the respect he longed for.

CSS
Donkey

Dance art rockers from an unlikely place—Argentina—offer up their second in a series of perfect pop records. *Donkey* is chock-full of youthful, fun and funky sounds from the coolest group around.

THE MIGHTY UNDERDOGS
Droppin' Science Fiction

Hip-hop hooray for an entirely new sound in rap with an old-school feel. The Mighty Underdogs could easily give today's top-liners like Lupe Fiasco and Kanye West a run for their money. Highlights include "Gun Fight" (featuring MF Doom), "Want You Back" and "Ill Vacation" (featuring Lyrics Born).

METALLICA
Death Magnetic

Yeah!!! Yeah!!!!! Lars and the lads return to their thrasher roots for the hardest thing they've done in years. This CD obliterates any naysayers and turns "Kill 'em all" into a battle cry once again. Hard and heavy. Heavy and hard. Metallica rules!

(continued on page 103)

Because You Can't Watch Just Porn

DVD DISTRACTIONS

ZOMBIE STRIPPERS

The title alone should be enough to get you to buy this grindhouse-style horror romp. Plus, it stars a topless Jenna Jameson in a no-sex acting role. Throw in lots of blood, guts and the guy who played Freddy Krueger, and it becomes a must-have.

THE X-FILES:
I Want to Believe

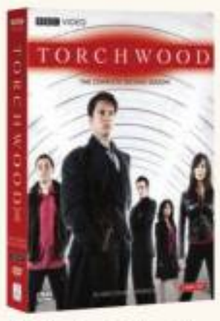
It took damn near ten years, but Agents Mulder and Scully finally returned to the big screen. This underrated sequel features all the intrigue and suspense that made the TV series such a fan favorite.

PINK PANTHER:
Ultimate Collection

Hey, look, it's our second-favorite kind of pink! The classic Peter Sellers films are here, along with bonus featurettes, documentaries and cartoons!

TORCHWOGD:
The Complete Second Season

This *Doctor Who* spin-off about a team of paranormal experts chasing extraterrestrials may be the coolest new show TV. *Torchwood* also features guests James Marsters (*Buffy the Vampire Slayer*) and Freema Agyeman (*Doctor Who*'s Martha Jones).



TALK TALK:
Live at Montreux 1986

One of the 1980s' most enigmatic bands is captured on DVD at the height of its hit-making prowess. This rare show offers Talk Talk playing its biggest hits, including "Life's What You Make It" and "It's My Life."

CHARMED:
The Complete Series

Three reasons to watch this bewitching prime-time soap: Alyssa Milano, Holly Marie Combs and Shannen Doherty. And let's not forget later-season participant Rose McGowan. If you need any other reasons to buy this supernatural thriller set, then ask your girlfriend. A single guy only needs the four we mentioned. ■

DALE BOZZIO

MISSING PERSON IN ACTION

Missing Persons singer Dale Bozzio holds a unique place in HUSTLER's history. Besides being the only female rock star to grace the cover of our magazine—twice, no less—the protégée of Frank Zappa posed for a nude layout! Brash, unapologetic and still sexy, Dale stopped by recently to talk about spurning Hugh Hefner, dancing with Prince and "Walking in L.A."

HUSTLER: What do you remember about your HUSTLER photo-shoot?

DALE BOZZIO: I'm a big fan of HUSTLER, and I have great respect for Larry Flynt. Being in HUSTLER may be sarcastic, may be rude to someone else and blatantly nude, but to me it was a natural state of affairs. I have no regrets. I thought *I'm a really beautiful person inside and out* and had nothing to hide.

Did you originally come to L.A. to be a model/actress?

My plan was to go to Hefner's and be a centerfold and then be a movie star. In 1976 I was supposed to be in the Valentine's issue of *Playboy*. I went to meet with Hefner at the mansion. He waved to me from atop his mansion as if to say, "Walk up the stairs." I just drove all the way from Boston and I said, "Excuse me, but if you can't come down in the office to meet me, then I really have to go." I walked out on Hef.

I jumped in my 1969 Firebird and jammed out of that mansion as quick as I could. I didn't know where to go. I was supposed to be living in the mansion, but now what? I was wearing black leather from head to toe, and it was a hundred degrees. My car was almost on E, and something made me drive to SIR Sound Studios. I walked in and I heard Frank Zappa's music. I saw a sign on one of the studio doors that said: "If you value your life, do not open this door." I knew it had to be Frank Zappa. I pushed open the door, and Frank was standing there. He said, "What are you doing here?"

You knew Zappa before heading to L.A.?

Casually, I had met him back in Boston in 1972 when I crawled through an open bathroom window at the Orpheum Theatre that led backstage. He remembered me from that. That day at SIR, when I pushed the door open, Frank said, "Do you need a job? I have someone you need to know, and you need to meet him." That was [drummer] Terry Bozzio, and that was it. We were together that night. I moved in the next day. It was all Frank's doing. Was it magic? Love at first sight? Maybe.

Was Zappa your guardian angel?

Frank Zappa made me everything I am today and everything I'll be tomorrow because he gave me courage. Two days after Terry and I hooked up, Frank and the band were going to Japan. The night Terry left, my cousin and I checked into a hotel. This was the time of the Hillside Strangler. Remember him? We were in the Holiday Inn, room 421, in downtown Los Angeles, and these two guys were knocking on the door.

One of them had a gun. He looked exactly like the Hillside Strangler, as I recall. They were at my door, and I knew we had a problem. We stayed very quiet, and they went away. Ten minutes went by, and the phone rang. "This is the head of security," the caller said. "We were just at the door. I'm coming back. Let us in."

I saw this security guard at my door. I thought, *Great! I need security.* He burst in, took me by my shoulders and threw me across my room. I only weighed 88 pounds. I was screaming at him, and he was coming at me. I figured he was my rescuer, but now he was attacking me.

I picked myself up and ran. I whipped myself out the window, hoping there was a balcony, and I hit the Holiday Inn sign, got knocked out, bounced down off it and fell 40 feet to the ground. I ended up in a pool of my own blood. I was in a coma for eight hours and woke up for 30 seconds. I heard a voice say, "Little girl, thank God for the rest of your life. You're lucky to be alive." I carry that with me always.

How did Missing Persons come together?

Frank looked at us—me, Terry, Warren Cuccurullo and Patrick O'Hearn—and said, "You should be a band. Call yourselves the Cute Persons. We decided to be Missing Persons because Terry and Warren would be missing from Frank's band.

How did you develop that little yelp in your singing style?

That just came naturally. It is a note I hit when I'm releasing my breathing that comes out. It's not intentional. Terry used to say, "Can you try to stop doing that?" But I can't. It's just this breath that comes out.

In 1988 your solo album, *Dale: Riot in English*, was released on Prince's label, Paisley Park Records. What was Prince like?

I ran into him at Tramps, a New York City nightclub, and I poked him on the nose. I said, "Hey, you wanna dance? I know you're the best dancer in here." His bodyguards moved in, and he said, "Okay, let's dance."

I told him I was looking for a deal. He said I had to go home and write three songs. I was just out of Missing Persons and going through a divorce with Terry. I didn't want to be defunct.

I went home and watched *Romper Room* at 5 a.m. The girl [on TV] goes, "Simon, oh, Simon, happy birthday!" I wrote "Simon Simon" right there. When Prince heard it, he was jumping up and down.

Why did a planned Missing Persons reunion fall through in 1993?

I called Frank Zappa, and he said he was sick. I flew to L.A. to see him and told him I was going to throw a concert on his birthday. I called Todd Rundgren. I called Johnny "Guitar" Watson. Warren [Cuccurullo] was going to be there with Duran Duran. Terry Bozzio was going to be there for Frank.

I went back to Frank's house and told him. He said, "I won't make it to that day." He kissed me on the forehead and said, "I love you." He then told me, "You get Terry and Warren back together for me, and you play 'Mental Hopscotch.'" Frank died a few days later.

What is it like sharing the stage with other 1980s bands on the Regeneration Tour?

It's odd because in the '80s there was serious competition. We are all happy to be together now because we're happy to be alive. I am extremely grateful to still be here and walk the earth.

Would you ever pose nude for HUSTLER now?

Sure! I would have to go into training first.

When was the last time you went "walking in L.A."?

True story: Two nights ago I landed in Los Angeles, and I was on the Sunset Strip from 4 to 5:30 a.m. I was supposed to check in to The Grafton hotel, but they didn't take cash. My credit card was maxed out.

I walked from hotel to hotel, wandering around with a wad of cash, and no one would rent me a room. I finally stumbled into the Days Inn, and they rented me a room. Just two days ago I was walking in L.A.—crazy! ■

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

MOTÖRHEAD
Motörizer
One of the most respected and longest-running heavy metal bands in the history of the genre returns with a pummelingly brilliant new CD. Lemmy has never sounded so angry and powerful. We're not just saying that because he might kick our ass.

THE CLASH
Live at Shea Stadium
In the early 1980s—on the verge of breaking apart—Mick Jones, Paul Simonon, Joe Strummer and Topper Headon toured the USA as the Who's opening act. On the heels of the band's last great album, *Combat Rock*, this 1982 concert captures them rocking the shit out of a sell-out crowd at New York City's storied ballpark as rain pours down.

FIRES OF ROME
You Kingdom You
Hook-laden pop music with catchy lyrics about a woman using her vagina to get past the velvet rope? Count us in! Now if only the Beatles had put that kind of thought into their songs, they might have enjoyed a brilliant career.

BLACK KIDS
Partie Traumatic
Hipster alert! This band may just make that cooler-than-cool chick who lives next door pay attention to you. Alternative rock's latest darlings party as hard as Panic at the Disco (with a touch of the B-52's) and dance the new wave disco beat ten times better than OK GO.

ROY ORBISON
The Soul of Rock and Roll
This four-CD box set delivers all aspects of the crooner's spectacular career. It is packed with 107 songs, including demos, live performances, rarities and 12 previously unreleased Orbison tracks, plus collaborations with Bono, k.d. lang, Johnny Cash, Bob Dylan, Jerry Lee Lewis and Tom Petty.

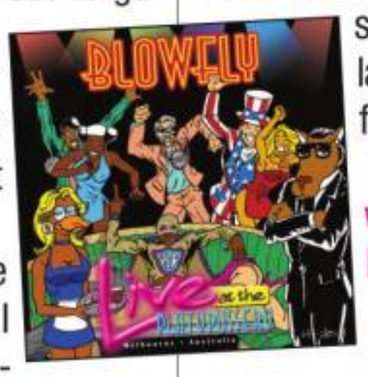
SCIENCE FAXTION
Living on Another Frequency
Imagine if James Brown, in his prime, had hooked up with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention for a jam session to end all jam sessions. Also lurking in the corner are Slash and Axl Rose. That's sort of what this mishmash collaboration between Bootsy Collins (the greatest bassist alive) and guitar god Buckethead sounds like. ■

BLOWFLY:
Porno Freak Forever!

To mark the release of his first-ever live CD, the dirty rapper/party record innovator from Georgia returned to the scene of the crime—HUSTLER Magazine—to discuss the finer points of pussy.

HUSTLER: How did you become Blowfly?

BLOWFLY: At seven years old my granddaddy died, and the white people told us the truth: You have to get yourself a place to go cause nobody was working. I told them I could shoe a mule. They said, "Well, get your little nigger ass over there and sit down and shut the fuck up!"



To get even I would wait until the white people got around me, and I started doing voices. And dirty parody songs. Changing lyrics like: "You know what I'm doing? I'm jerking me dick over you. I jerked it so much till me head was black and blue." The white people said, "You a nasty little fucker! Do another one!"

Back then, blacks—if you were a hard worker—could only make $2 a day. I was a little kid, so I only made a dollar a day. I did the dirty songs, and these white people gave me money. I went home with about $30, and my grandmother said, "Where you steal that money?!" The whites told her, "We gave it to him because he's such a nasty little bastard, and he's funny." My grandmother heard my rhymes and said, "You a disgrace to the human race. You're no better than a blowfly!"

Is it true that being in HUSTLER years ago launched your career?

Early in my career we were trying to get some publicity for Blowfly. *Rolling Stone* wouldn't even talk to us. The guy I always loved—Larry Flynt—printed an article on Blowfly. After HUSTLER ran that shit, everyone was knocking on Blowfly's door. *Rolling Stone* ran a picture and an article after HUSTLER!

Are you the true inventor of rap?

The Sugarhill Gang claims they started rap in 1979, but I was doing it for 20 years before that shit. People who do shit don't know who the fuck they doing sometimes. I got into it with Kurtis Blow. I told him his middle name was missing. He said, "What's my middle name?" I said, "Job! You nothing but Kurtis Blow Job!" The media don't know what the fuck they talking 'bout. They said that 2 Live Crew's record was the first ever to get banned. My record *Porno Freak* got banned years before Luke's dick could even get hard. Sugarhill Gang and Kurtis Blow Job talking 'bout they the first rappers? I had a 78 record out before your mammy was in diapers!

How many women have you fucked?

I'm bein' conservative. I probably got less pussy than anybody on Earth because I check that shit out first. If it smell like fish? Bye! A man can sit in shit up to his neck for two months and then take a shower and be clean. A woman has got nine different places where some tiny shit can hide. That's why ladies need to take a douche every few days, or that shit will bubble.

How do you get a woman who's reluctant to give you a blowjob?

I say: "You're right, young lady. I can tell you don't want the thrill of your life, something that you'll never get again. Bye-bye now." They turn around and say, "Okay, I'll do it *this* time!"

Are you still a porno freak?

(*Singing.*) I'm a porno freak. I can fuck all week. You'll never wanna take a leak.

What kind of porn do you watch?

I like butt-fuck porn. Vicious porn.

How come you never made a porn?

Watching my man John Holmes ram all that dick into Mrs. Jones made me wanna do a film. He told me I should do it 'cause my dick was bigger than his. He was a good guy. This young director Eon McKai just came to one of my shows the other night, so you never know.

Check out the weird world of Blowfly at ***BlowflyMusic.com*** *and look for his new CD, Blowfly: Live at the Platypussery, on Steel Cage Records.*

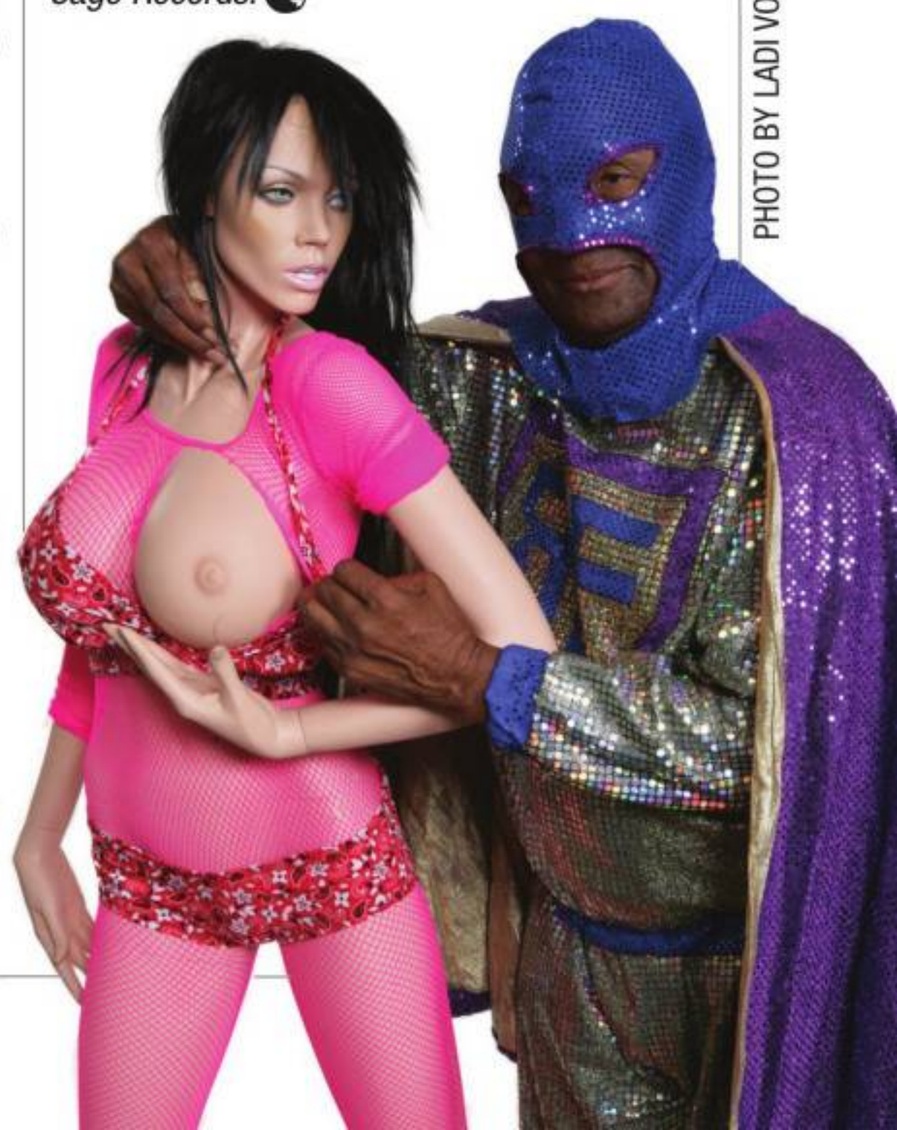
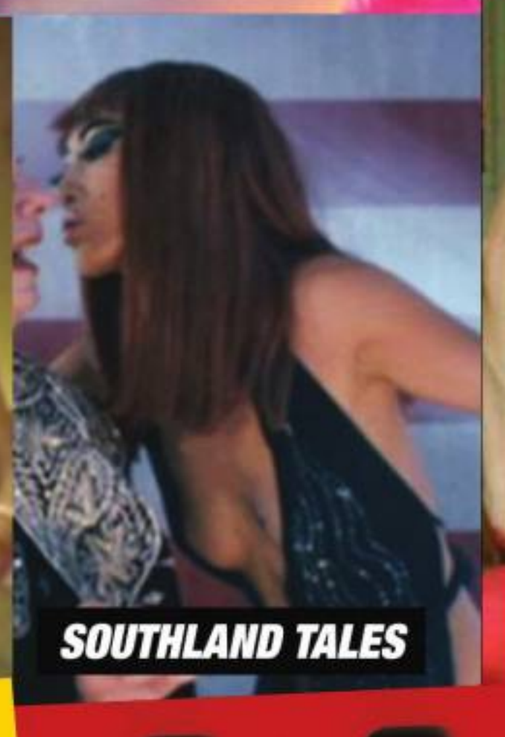


PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

MOVIE Mammaries

ASIAN INVASION!

This month we take a look at the films of the finest females from the Far East.



BAI LING

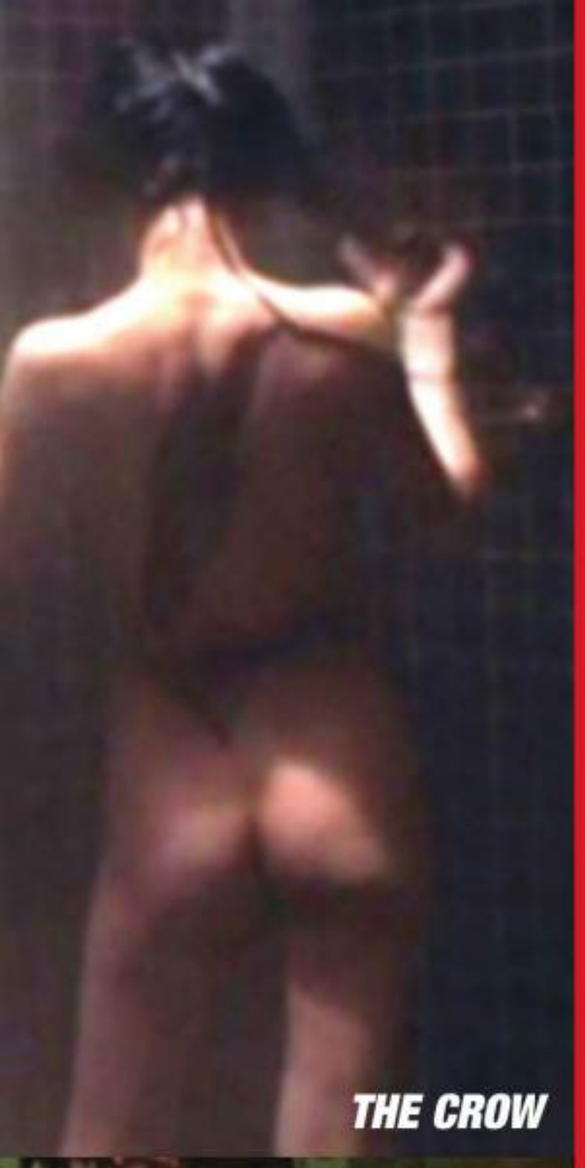
Bai Ling is probably never going to win an Oscar, and that's a shame because the onetime resident of the People's Republic of China is an exceptional actress. Okay, we're lying, but topless and in a thong, she does look way better than **Meryl Streep**. No stranger to our *Famous Flesh* section, Bai Ling launched her skin-e-matic career with an ass-exposing shower scene in *The Crow* (1994). Next, her beautiful nipples become the main point of interest in *Point of Origin* (2002) during a bedroom tryst with **Ray Liotta**. *Paris* (2003) showcases Ling taking it all off once again for a series of orgasm-inducing sex scenes, while in **Spike Lee**'s *She Hate Me* (2004) the Asian babe gets down and dirty in one of the steamiest interracial love scenes ever caught on film. We don't know much about *Three…Extremes* (2004) except that Bai Ling spends the entire flick in a loose-fitting bra, from which her nipples repeatedly pop out.

The best of the bunch is *Edmond* (2005). Wearing an orange wig, Bai Ling plays a peep show stripper who flaunts her boobs (real) and edible crotch. Another perfect nip slip can be seen in *Southland Tales* (2006). Eat your heart out, Ms. Streep!

Rent These NOW!

JOAN CHEN

Joan Chen is best known as the opium-addicted beauty in the multi-Academy Award-winner *The Last Emperor* (1987). Although her performance is memorable, we suggest the Chinese-born stunner's career has far more impressive highlights. Chen first displayed her "true talents" in the historical epic *Tai-Pan* (1986). The film doesn't feature any nude scenes, but if you look closely, you can discern two seemingly accidental nip slips, as well as Chen's breasts begging for attention under a sheer top. Meanwhile, *Turtle Beach* (1992) provides an eyeful of curvy ass, while *Temptation of a Monk* (1993) serves up Chen with a newly shaved head. Even bald, she'll tempt you in ways that may threaten your sexuality. For an extra-hot hot tub scene with **Christopher Lambert**, check out *The Hunted* (1995). Watching the exotic charmer get wet will make you very sticky. Finally, one of our favorite Joan Chen flicks has to be *Wild Side* (1995) because it's packed with dozens of over-the-top lesbian lip-locks.


THE CROW

THREE... EXTREMES

FEMALE YAKUZA TALE: INQUISITION & TORTURE

SEX & FURY

REIKO IKE

REIKO IKE

Reiko Ike never became the acclaimed star she should have been in the United States. Back in her native Japan, however, the gutsy thespian became the queen of 1970s sexploitation films. Ravishing Reiko was never afraid to play tough chicks sans clothes. Highlights of her grind-house-worthy résumé kick off with *Girl Boss Guerilla* (1972), in which the petite miss fights to gain control of a female biker gang while showing off her terrific tits.

Making 1973 a banner year for Reiko were starring roles in three of the hottest action films of all time. *Sex & Fury* is packed with Reiko's amazing, tattooed rack and a ton of bloody mayhem. Connoisseurs (including violencemeister Quentin Tarantino) consider *Sex & Fury* the greatest exploitation movie ever made. Next there's *Criminal Woman: Killing Melody*, your classic "damsel behind bars with passions pushed to the brink" flick. The third '73 masterpiece is *Female Yakuza Tale: Inquisition & Torture,* which cast Reiko as a sword-wielding maniac who gets naked and slices adversaries' crotches to ribbons. This bastion of carnage is a cut above the rest. Get it, cut? Sadly, Reiko Ike last graced Japan's silver screen in *The Golden Dog* (1979) and hasn't been seen since. Where are you, Reiko?

LUCY LIU

CITY OF INDUSTRY

RISE: BLOOD HUNTER

CODE NAME: THE CLEANER

LUCKY NUMBER SLEVIN

LUCY LIU

Lucy Liu made a name for herself by playing quirky and aggressive characters in the *Charlie's Angels* films and on the TV show *Ally McBeal*. The daughter of Chinese immigrants has a long list of big-screen credits, but we'll boil it down to our top five. *City of Industry* (1997) showcases Liu as a stripper working the pole with an amazing amount of believable spirit. *Flypaper* (1997) pushes the envelope, as the awesome Asian gets snaked while being attacked by an actual live snake in a great outdoor sex romp. *Flypaper* will make you spew your venom. *Lucky Number Slevin* (2006) is best watched with the sound off. That way you can enjoy the nip slip highlighting Lucy's love scene with **Josh Hartnett** and not have to endure the accompanying nancy boy chatter. In *Rise: Blood Hunter* (2007), which will satisfy your thirst for blood and boobs, the looker spends a good portion of the movie topless, enjoying lesbian encounters and gulping blood. What more do you need? How about a scantily clad Lucy Liu rolling around in a ton of bubbles with Nicollette Sheridan? Then rent *Code Name: The Cleaner* (2007).

Remember, HUSTLER delivers the best in cinematic and big-name skin from all corners of the world. If there's a movie star or famous figure you'd like to see in the buff (or close to it), let us know by e-mailing *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

"Wait! I've changed my mind!"

FLAUNT FAME

PLAYBOY BUNNY & POWERFUL POLITICIAN EXPOSED!

Shauna Sand is no stranger to showing off her massive and deeply tanned cans for the camera. The former *Playboy* Playmate also loves to party hearty! Need proof? Check out these sexy shots of the bubbly blonde stumbling on the town with unidentified pals. The ex-wife of Latin lover and *Falcon Crest* star Lorenzo Lamas was captured by one of our quick-thinking photographers as she exposed her petite panties and lovely right breast. As you can tell, we are big fans of Shauna Sand, especially when the bombshell is sans bra!

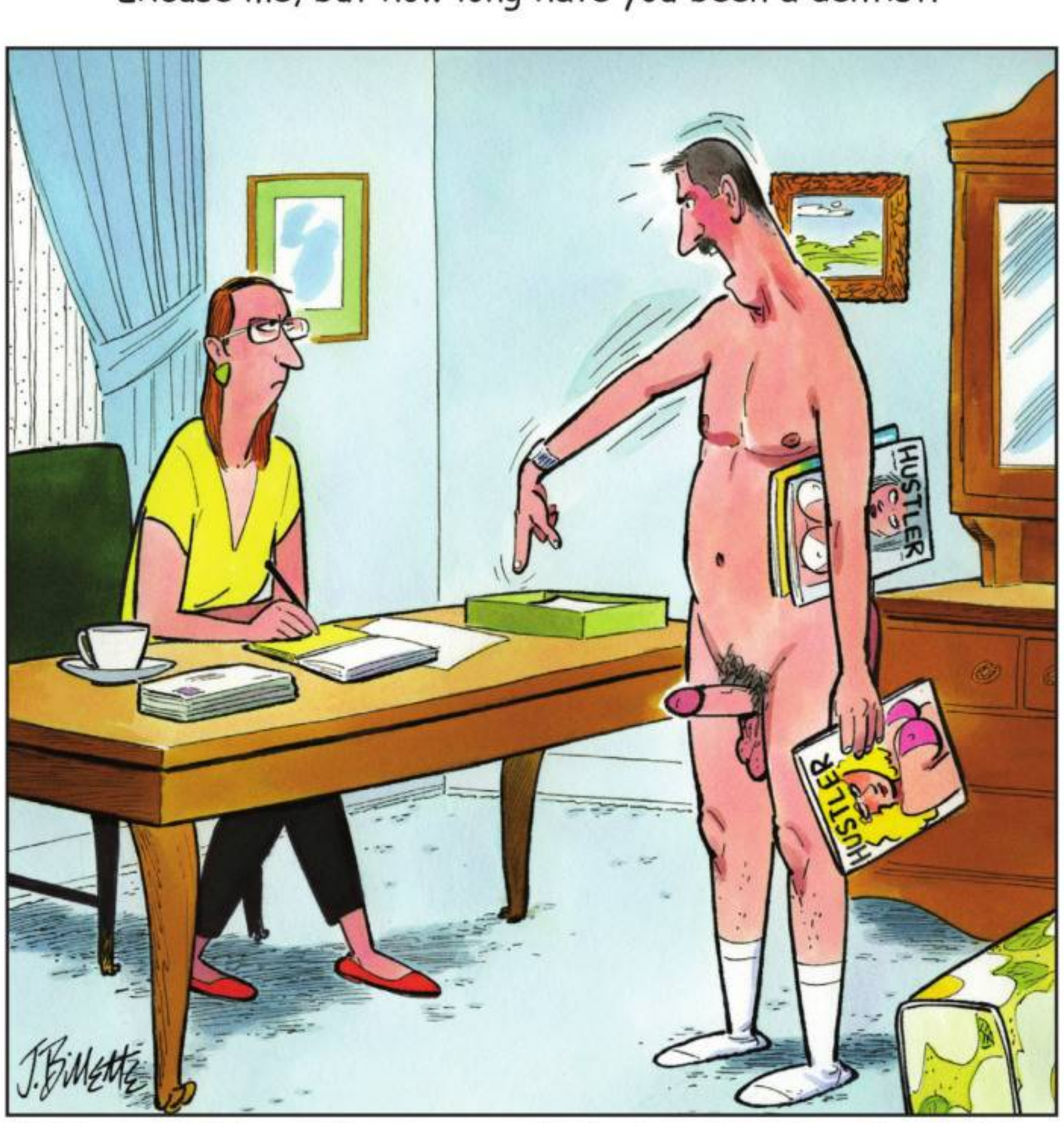
Shauna Sand

Republican mouthpiece **Sarah Palin** has a certain MILF quality that we find both appealing and horrifying at the exact same time. We recently unearthed these flashback shots from 1984, snapped long before John McCain's '08 running mate became a Christian fundamentalist nut bag who got into politics. These images depict the then-20-year-old future governor strutting her stuff as an eager contestant in the Miss Alaska beauty pageant. Sarah didn't win the top prize of $6,000, but if we had been judges and had seen her in a form-fitting bathing suit, she certainly would have gotten our vote. Of course, that's the *only* time we would ever have voted for that whackjob politico.

Got any pictures of former Playmates with their surgically enhanced boobs blowing in the breeze or shots of alluring female politicians when they were young, dumb and wearing a swimsuit? We would love to show them off to the adoring public. Please get in touch with us. We might buy and publish your photos. Fire off an e-mail to NakedCelebs@LFP.com.

Sarah Palin

"Excuse me, but how long have you been a dentist?"



"Listen up! I know the economy is bad, and we have to tighten our belts, but there will be *no cutbacks* in the porn budget!"

(continued from page 81) But the guy still wasn't getting erect. *What could make this more erotic?* I wondered. I picked up some of the latex balloons and began caressing my own body and clit with them. Meantime, I grabbed an iridescent-pink balloon and slowly put it to my lips and started blowing. Then I took his cock in my other hand—still clutching a few uninflated balloons—for some heavy-duty stroking. As the balloon in my mouth filled up with air, the gent's dick became a little harder. And as for me, my nipples stiffened, and my clit grew and grew. (As they are right now as I'm writing!)

I let some of the balloon air out to blow on my nipples, and then on my clit and back to my nipples again…and even onto the guy's balls, cock and nipples too. Still not a huge reaction from him, although I was getting extremely turned on.

I began to blow up the balloon, and to my surprise it took a lot of work. It was getting harder and harder for me to fill the damn thing with air. But to my delight, the cock beneath me was getting harder.

Soon the balloon I was desperately blowing on drooped down from my face, reaching my breasts and very erect nipples. By now the guy was rock hard!

As I sucked in a few more huge breaths of air, the balloon—almost the size of a watermelon—was about ready to burst. With it pressing against the man's prick and belly, I anticipated an explosion of cum as my clit again longed for attention. I rose upright onto my knees, and the gigantic pink globe was all I could see. I did feel the guy's hard-on quivering in my hand, and I wondered, *What will pop first, his cock or my balloon?* Suddenly, he shot a huge wad of cum all over my hand and the humongous balloon.

The customer was completely satisfied as I let some of the air out of the balloon and rubbed his juices and the pink latex all over my tits and jacked myself off. (Luckily for me, I came very easily and quickly!)

We both had a good laugh when I asked, "Would you like me to autograph a balloon to take with you as a memento?"

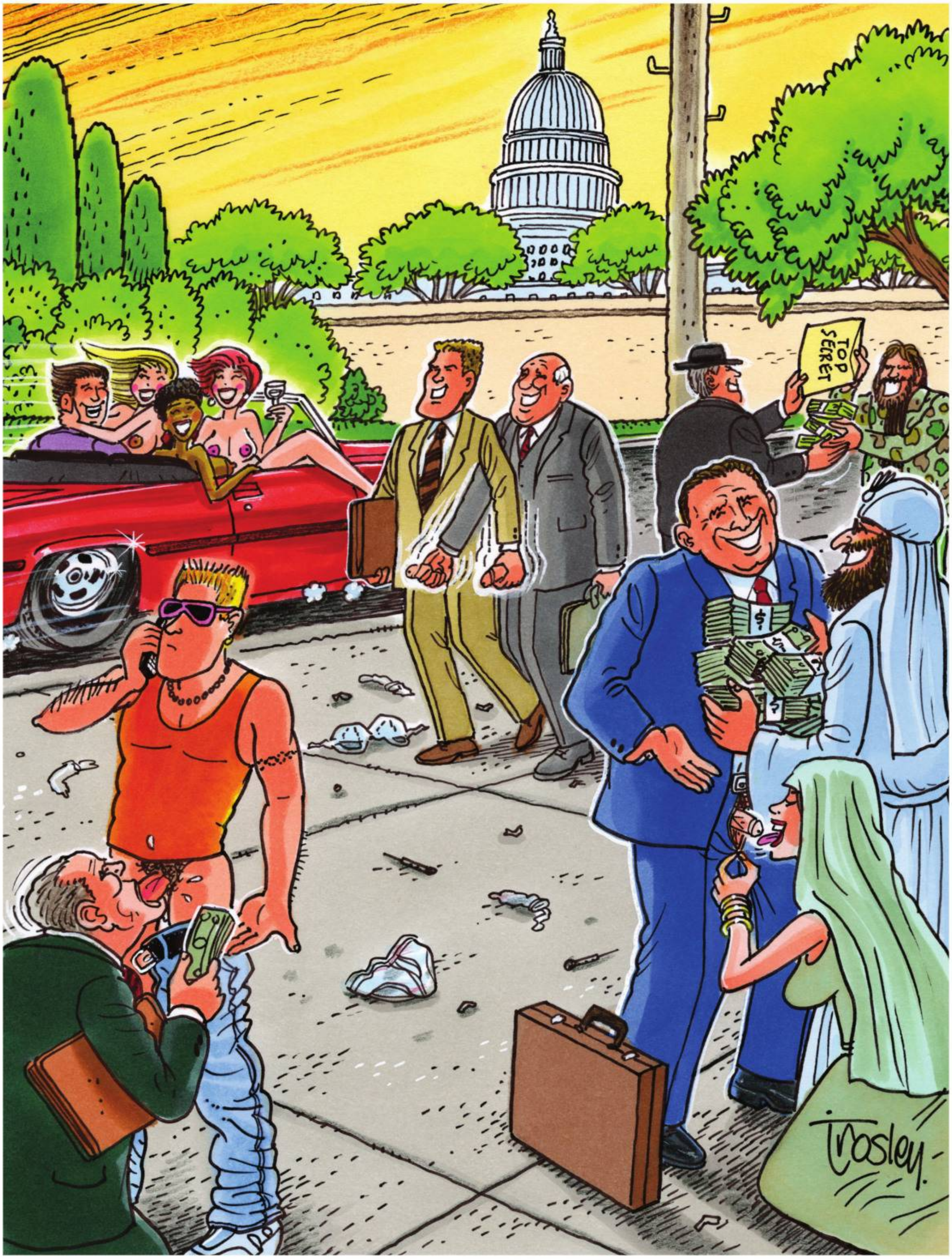
Later on that night I negotiated another very inexpensive "hand release" party and proceeded to tell the gentleman the story of my earlier balloon party. He chuckled, then got real serious as I grabbed his cock in my hand. He eagerly agreed as I placed a balloon to his mouth and ordered, "Here, honey, blow!"

Total for the two parties: $340. My cut: $170.Two experiences: priceless! Thanks for reading.

—Air Force Amy

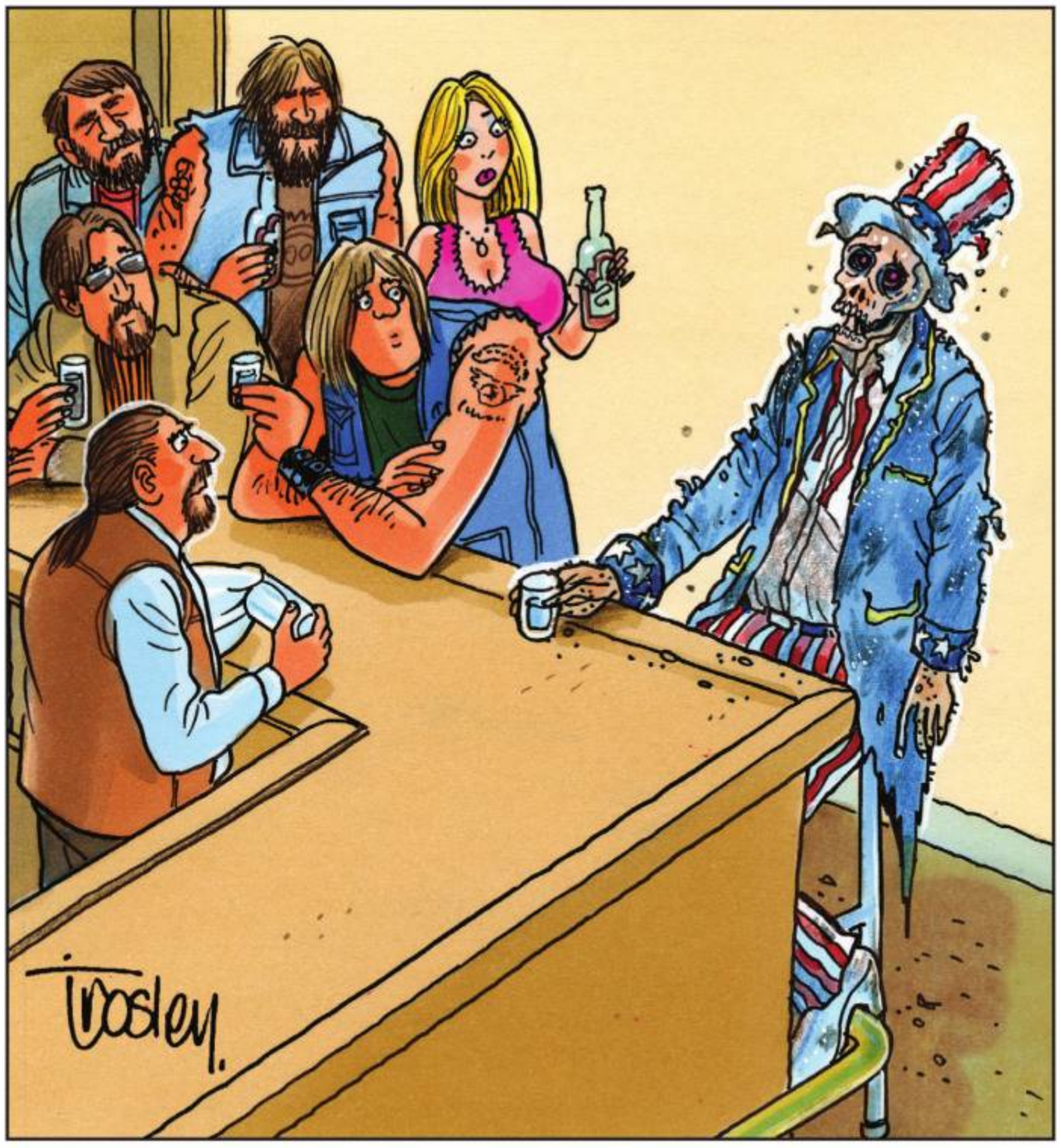
To book a party with the bubbly BunnyRancher, or to just send a message, fire off an e-mail to ***AirForceAmy@BunnyRanch.com****. See more at* ***AirForceAmy.com****.*

To meet the girls yourself, visit **BunnyRanch.com** or call (toll-free) 888-BUNNYRANCH.



"I love living in Washington, D.C. It's so hard to violate its community standards."

"...and finally, to my wife, Miriam, I bequeath a gesture to be administered by my attorney."



"Meth? Coke? H? Nahhhh, just eight years of that worst-ever, fucking-asshole President!"

(continued from page 40) set themselves up, surrounded by hostile states.

Of course, the other countries want nuclear weapons if Israel's got them. Why don't they lead by example? I knew that when [Prime Minister] Yitzak Rabin was shot, that would be the beginning of the end. He'd been a military man, but he was wise, leading the country in the right direction. Then we got that awful guy, Ariel Sharon.

Aside from your brief and very unsatisfying meeting with President Reagan in 1984, what other government officials have you spoken with?

Recently I visited the [U.S.] Congress. Every office I went into, all the Democrats knew me. Barbara Boxer was totally open. People like her grew up with the work I did in the '80s and are much more open now. Teddy Kennedy was always supportive. Not Republicans, except one, Jim Leach. He was terrific.

You have a 40-year, three-point plan for world survival. What needs to be done?

First, eliminate the threat of nuclear war, which can easily be fixed. Next, all the nuclear reactors must be closed down, which will happen anyway economically; the next meltdown will induce that. And third, end global warming. We've got a plan right now, the only one in the world that's available. It's not hopeless.

People need to be motivated, as you have motivated them with information about nuclear weapons.

That took ten years. When we started, we said, "Do you know what happens if a bomb drops on Boston?" People realized the devastation that would occur and said, "My God, this is bad for our health." Within five years, 80% of Americans opposed nuclear war. We were able to do that because we got 23,000 doctors to deluge the media. Doctors have enormous credibility.

People will resist change if they think it means going back to some caveman-style, arboreal life. "Sorry, you can't drive your car anymore."

You can use hybrids. The new lithium ion batteries are fantastic. They can be recharged 100,000 times. Read *Carbon-Free and Nuclear-Free: A Road Map for U.S. Energy Policy* at **IEER.org**. It'll give people a sense of optimism and joy. Most Americans want that, because I know them pretty well. They want to be happy, but they're not quite sure how. People are fundamentally decent and desperately want to do the right thing. They need an injection of hope. I think you people at HUSTLER can have quite an influence if you really go for it.

It would be marvelous to take whatever moral authority America might still possess and say to the world, "Look, we're fucked—"

(*Laughs.*) "And we're going to unfuck it." Yup!

To learn more specifics about the activist/humanitarian's plan for survival, go to ***HelenCaldicott.com***.

Love Is...

MARIE McCRAY & AARON WILCOX

PHOTOGRAPHY BY T. RIFTER FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

♥ Love is…a many-splendored thing—especially when you're fucking more than one chick.

♥ Love is…never having to say you're sorry—even when you come in her mouth.

♥ Love is…a sweet kiss on the lips—the pussy lips, that is.

♥ Love is…finding out that your girl has a hot friend and that the two of them are into threesomes.

♥ Love is…learning things about your girl, like the fact that she thinks anal is "always an option."

♥ Love is…a girl who really knows you—and who knows how to deep-throat.

♥ Love is…not having to pay for dinner—and not having to pay for sex.

♥ Love is…a fucking farce! But if you want to keep getting laid, you'd better buy something nice for your lady this Valentine's Day.

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

Coed's Double Life

Heads turn, eyebrows raise, and grades magically become B's and A's when a sex-movie star struts her stuff at **Bauder College**.

I'll never understand how I passed this one particular course. I attended maybe 20% of my classes and took only two out of the five tests. Our final speech was worth 45% of our grade, and I have yet to deliver it. I don't even know the professor's name. I do know, however, that when the man sees me in the hallways, he never asks why I hadn't been in class or when he can expect me back. One of the few times I did attend class, I remember that he called me Charley. Maybe that explains why he seems really nervous around me.

I attend Bauder College in Atlanta, where I'm a fashion design major. That was a no-brainer because I have been involved in clothing design since I was a freshman at DuPont Manual High School in my hometown of Louisville, Kentucky.

As long as I can remember, I have been altering my clothes one way or another to make them fit perfectly. I enjoy showing off. I'm an exhibitionist. I believe that's why I became fascinated with porn. I have always been a social and outgoing girl, and I guess when I got to college, I really started to show my true "slut" side. No one has ever accused me of being conservative, that's for sure!

Bauder is a small, private college teeming with artistic types. After just one student found out I was in porn, the rest of the school knew within days. Now when I say "the rest of the school," I don't mean just the student body. I'm talking about the entire administration, faculty and even some parents. Most of the students seem to accept the idea of having a porn star as a classmate, but a few really hate it. There is only that one course I've skated through because I'm in porn—at least, only one that I'm aware of.

I can't say that I have too many girlfriends, but I have lots of male friends. I assume I make girls at Bauder uncomfortable. The boys, however, love having a porn star around. My classmates are always asking about my job. Even my counselor pulled me into her office one day, asking me things like "Is everything okay at home?" and "Is anyone making you do this?" and "If you want to talk to anyone about this, I'm here." My only response to her was, "I love my job!"

I got into porn two weeks after arriving at Bauder. A girlfriend of mine, Bailey Brooks, was shooting a few scenes in California one weekend, and she asked me to come with her. When I saw Bailey work in those scenes, I knew I wanted to be in the business too.

I returned to Atlanta and contacted an agent to get me started. He arranged for me to fly back to California the following weekend to take photos and get my first bookings. It wasn't until my third trip to the West Coast that I started doing sex scenes. After the first one I was in love with my new job.

It's difficult to balance school and work, considering they are on opposite sides of the United States. I find myself studying anywhere I can—on sets, in between shoots, at airports, on planes and at home. At times I feel like I'm doing homework in my sleep. I live out of a suitcase and never really know what state I'm in for the day. I'm not complaining though. I get to meet all kinds of people and go to a lot of really cool places.

I would love to combine my knowledge of fashion design with my involvement in porn. One of my aspirations is making promiscuous clothing for girls in the sex business. It wouldn't be just everyday lingerie or slutty clothes. I'm talking about going into business with a specialty store for porn stars. I want to make clothes porn-friendly. Fashion is a neverending industry, and so is porn. Put the two together, and it's a win-win situation.

So for now I commute back and forth between a hectic campus life and an even more hectic onscreen sex life. I get a little leeway in some courses because my teachers are aware of my travel situation—but nothing like the royal treatment I got from my favorite professor.

I have never brought the issue up with any staff or any other students, but I think it's safe to say, "I passed the class because I'm a porn star, and he must be a big fan."

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com*.

HUSTLER UNIVERSITY
HUSTLER
REAL COLLEGE GIRLS

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner $350 in financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions in entry form on page 145 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

Real College Girls

Michelle: University of Idaho

"I'm a very outgoing person, and I love to hang out with fun people," professes affable and immodest Michelle, a ***UI*** freshman hailing from—of all places—Colstrip, Montana. And we love studious chicks willing to let it all hang out in this mag. "I thought I'd go for it," the 24-year-old exults. "I'm always up for a challenge. I lived in Maui for a while, and I just had to try surfing. Yes, it's a dangerous sport, but it pushed me to get out there and not be scared of what was under the water, but focus on what beautiful waves were coming in to ride! Lucky me!"

Having enrolled at Sarah Palin's alma mater, Michelle—an "I could live on granola" hiking and camping enthusiast—is up for another challenge. "This winter I'm going to try snowboarding," the 5-foot-10 liberal arts major declares. "Just not in a blizzard!"

Rather than leave us out in the cold, Michelle wraps up by confiding, "I enjoy frat parties, movies, hip-hop, rock, anyone with a sense of humor—I'd sure love to meet Rodney Carrington—and sex, especially doggy-style and eating pussy. Lucky me!" Michelle is swell.

—Photos by Friend

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Bring it on: Sadie (left) and Cassandra have their own ideas of ***Modern Warfare****.*

Ashlynn Brooke wins ***Heart & Minds****.*

*Sweet-**Heart** Marie shows her man what he's fighting for.*

Hearts & Minds II: Modern Warfare

NEW SENSATIONS. DIRECTOR: ANDRE MADNESS. STARRING: ASHLYNN BROOKE, CASSANDRA CRUZ, MARIE McCRAY, SAMANTHA RYAN, CELESTE STAR, SADIE WEST, TOMMY GUNN, ANTHONY ROSANO, JACK LAWRENCE, SETH DICKENS & TYLER KNIGHT.

Hearts & Minds (2001) was one of the first flicks that sparked the current wave of war-movie porn. This sequel updates that tale of horny troops dreaming about homeland pussy by tossing its demoralized grunts into a hostile desert scenario, with shades of Iraq and Afghanistan. Wicked Pictures recently conquered this same ground with its big-budget epic *Coming Home*, but *Hearts & Minds II* raises the bar even higher with impressive firefights and serious camerawork and effects. The final bloodbath, which platoon leader Tommy Gunn miraculously survives, will keep you riveted all the way through to the sloppy, tearful reunion between Tommy and his scorching-hot home fire, Ashlynn Brooke. Stocking his picture with love, guns and guts—and even some political umph—director Madness has managed a couples-friendly balance for guys and for chicks who want to prove their love on Valentine's Day by watching porn. ***—M.J.***

Name that legend: **Not Bewitched XXX** boasts all-star magic.

***Bewitched**'s Aunt Clara (Eva Angelina) tries a triple-hex.*

***Bewitch**ing little Tabitha (Teagan) has a growth spurt.*

***Not** Samantha: Jenna Haze casts a spell.*

Not Bewitched XXX

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: WILL RYDER. STARRING: JENNA HAZE, TEAGAN, SASHA GREY, EVA ANGELINA, SUNNY LANE, NINA HARTLEY, AURORA SNOW, MICHELLE AVANTI, DAISY LAYNE, KANDICE NICOLE, MADISON IVY, KELLY SKYLINE, WINTER SKY, MIKE HORNER, JAMES BARTHOLET, JAMES DEEN, NATHAN THREAT, JACK VENICE & RON JEREMY.

Will Ryder, director of the HUSTLER smash *Not the Bradys XXX*, returns with this "sitcum" for Adam & Eve. (And it's a helluva lot more fun than that Nicole Kidman version a few years ago.) Ryder and his stellar cast do a good job of simulating the screwball mood of the corny '60s show while unleashing its sexual subtext: Who wouldn't want to fuck a hot witch?! Jenna Haze as Samantha can induce a hard-on even without a nose wiggle, but the supporting parts—such as Eva Angelina crafting a fuckable Aunt Clara and Michelle Avanti as the nosy neighbor with a repressed thing for black dick—are the movie's real surprises. And Nina Hartley's channeling of Endora, who unfortunately doesn't get a sex scene, deserves applause. Teagan is the plot's horny centerpiece, as a baby Tabitha turned barely legal by Aunt Clara's fumbled spell. It's infantile and a little creepy, but fun to watch. *Not Bewitched XXX* ain't all magic, but how long can you whack off to those old reruns? ***—M.J.***

Hairy Movie

ZERO TOLERANCE. DIRECTOR: NATE LIQUOR. STARRING: SASHA GREY, MIKA TAN, LEXI LOVE, SARA FAYE, MAX MIKITA, JOCLYN STONE, KIMBERLY KANE, JAMES DEEN, MICK BLUE, SASCHA & MR. PETE.

Don't believe the box cover that claims these are extra-bushy snatches. We've seen more hair in a bowl of soup! The gals in this affair are sporting two weeks' worth of growth at best (that's if they're shavers, not waxers). Complaints aside, you'll whack off to *Hairy Movie* whether you're a fuzz junkie or not. The main reason: *AVN*'s sultry Female Performer of the Year Sasha Grey. Yes, her modest moss patch hovers fashionably above her pussy—not around it like nature intended—but at least that arrangement allows full visibility of her gorgeous twat. Best bush honors, however, go to Asian hot box Mika Tan, who boasts a sprawling bed of lovely dark follicle foliage. For our money, her plush rug is as shaggable as they come. After all, fur like that was why vaginas were called pussies to begin with! *Hairy Movie* may be short on the sprigs, but it's still worth a few strokes for the entrancing cast. Let's splurge on some Rogaine for the sequel. ***—M.J.***

Pinky brings a big ***Freaknic*** *basket.*

Vida Valentine gets the ***Freaknic*** *started.*

Pile on the good stuff: Stacy and Sierra join the ***Freaknic.***

Freaknic

BLACK ICE. DIRECTOR: DAWAYNE DANE. STARRING: STACIE LANE, KANDEE LIXXX, PINKY, ROXY REYNOLDS, STACY ADAMS, SIERRA LUST, LUSCIOUS KISSES, VIDA VALENTINE, BEAUTY DIOR, CHEROKEE, CJ WRIGHT, ETHAN HUNT, RICO STRONG, NAT TURNHER, PRINCE YASHUA & CHUCK T.

For all you crackers out there, a freaknic (short for "freaky picnic") is basically a black version of spring break, with just as much frat rat debauchery and a lot more barbecue and booty. Director Dane admits on the behind-the-scenes disc that he didn't have the budget to do *Freaknic* right, but if you can get past the missed potential, you'll find something to like. Pinky opens the party with a hot-pink hairdo, her legendary butt and customary built-to-bang attitude. In a great "oh, shit" moment, Pinky's stud spurts cum on her hair! (With black ladies, that'll get your balls ripped off, but Pinky shows mercy.) *Freaknic*'s other choice cut is foxy Roxy Reynolds, who gets basted and grilled to perfection. By nature, black chicks seem to fuck furiously—at least that's the myth porn promotes—so at the very least the flick feels like a fuck-it-all weekend on the trashy side of town. Not bad, but you may leave still feeling hungry when the buzz wears off. By the way, *Freaknic* comes in a flashy double-wide package (like Pinky's ass), but don't let 'em hustle ya: The movie inside is normal size. ***—M.J.***

Claire Adams shows **Bondage** novice Trinity the ropes.

Nina Hartley's Guide to Bondage Sex

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: ERNEST GREENE. STARRING: NINA HARTLEY, CLAIRE ADAMS, TRINITY POST & VAN DAMAGE.

What better way to show your dearly beloved that you would never ever let her slip away than to tie her up so she can't move? Bondage is an ages-old art, but before you start cinching up your squeeze and cutting off her vital blood flow, you should watch this video. Sexpert Nina Hartley, whose *Guide* series has become the *Sesame Street* of porn, has a knack for taking viewers by the hand and leading them like children into a land of wondrous perversity. This installment is particularly fascinating thanks to brainy cohost Claire Adams, who knows her way around a knot like nobody's business. Also a contortionist, the bombshell pulls off some great human-pretzel tricks in this flick. You may get tired of the constant mantras about "safety" and "mutual consent," as well meant as they are, but you won't tire of watching Claire wrap her costars in ropes, then lash on a strap-on and give them a true "spiritual experience." Too bad Houdini's not still around; the legendary escape artist would've loved this. ***—M.J.***

Burn *bright: Jenna commits to a stellar role.*

Burn

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT/CLUBJENNA. DIRECTOR: PAUL THOMAS. STARRING: JENNA JAMESON, STEPHANIE SWIFT, LAUREN PHOENIX, TAYLOR RAIN, CYTHEREA, JUSTINE JOLI, NATASHA SWEET, NINA HARTLEY, JUSTIN STERLING, MR. MARCUS, EVAN STONE & JULIAN.

Why Vivid sat on this feature for four years (*Burn* was shot back in 2004) is puzzling, since it's a worthwhile showcase for Jenna Jameson's unique allure and may well be her best acting performance. Inspired by the indie flick *Secretary*, which revolved around an S&M love affair between the title character and her obsessive-compulsive employer, *Burn* delves into the psychology of a mousy, masochistic publishing assistant who secretly scars herself with cigarettes. To her lesbian girlfriend's dismay, Jenna's control-freak boss (played by Jenna's then-husband Justin Sterling) introduces his subordinate to an underworld of sexual fetish, and her addiction to controlled pain blossoms. Along the way, we're treated to some lush girl/girl action as well as a steamy sex club with Jenna as the central attraction. Shot on film with Thomas's trademark attention to detail and texture, *Burn* has a cinematic look too rarely found in porn. Sure, there's harder, nastier hard-core out there, but Jenna has a way of generating her own kind of heat. ***—M.J.***

Nyomi, Maya and Jasmine (below) vie for face time in ***Race2Race****.*

Race2Race

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: BRAD ARMSTRONG. STARRING: VICTORIA SIN, MIKAYLA, GIANNA LYNN, MAYA GATES, MIA SMILES, TYLER FAITH, NYOMI BANXXX, JASMINE BYRNE, AMILE WATERS, CHRISTIAN X, DEEP THREAT, DICK DELAWARE, MARCUS LONDON, TJ CUMMINGS, TOMMY GUNN, TYLER KNIGHT & BRAD ARMSTRONG.

This is an interactive review, so pick your favorite complaint: 1) Wicked is marketing this as a "gamelike experience"; all that means is it has a menu that resembles a game, but isn't. 2) If this is supposed to be a hot clash of ethnic types, why do all the scenes look, act and sound the same, i.e. lame? 3) Unless you were raised by tweakers in a techno disco, the cheesy electrobeat soundtrack and flickering strobes are going to drive you insane. 4) *Race2Race* comes in a big, flashy package, but that's just to hog shelf space and make you think you're getting more for your money. You're not. We hope our friends at Wicked don't hate us too much for panning their movie (they really are nice people)—and it's entirely possible some strokers will think we're full of shit—but we gotta call 'em like we see 'em. We're giving this a half-erect out of respect for the top-notch talent involved. That's a helluva cast; too bad it was wasted. ***—M.J.***

God bless her! Lisa Ann and her mavericks answer ***Who's Nailin' Paylin?***

Who's Nailin' Paylin?

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: JEROME TANNER. STARRING: LISA ANN, HOLLY WEST, SINDEE JENNINGS, NINA HARTLEY, JADA FIRE, SASCHA, MICK BLUE, ALEC KNIGHT, LEE STONE, EVAN STONE & MIKE HORNER.

America's voters deserve a huge high five for booting Sarah Palin's ass back to Buttfuck, Alaska. Not that this XXX spoof has anything to do with McCain's former running mate! This is about Serra Paylin, who just happens to look exactly like her. *Who's Nailin' Paylin? Adventures of a Hockey MILF* is already a hot-selling polit-porn milestone, thanks in part to Fox News pundits trying to claim the flick was illegal before it even hit the streets on Election Day. Hey, idiots, it's called free speech, and it's why Larry Flynt went to the Supreme Court—well, that and to protect his right to make loads of money! *Nailin' Paylin* features clips from "The Orally Factor" (what a coincidence!), along with plenty of footage of the titular twat fucking and sucking her way to the top. How's that for "gotcha journalism"? Ultraslut bombshell Lisa Ann is no Tina Fey, but turns in a hot performance as the ditzy opportunist who can't keep her power suit on for five minutes. She's nearly upstaged by Holly West as a horny intern and Sindee Jennings as a young, science-hating Paylin who religiously bangs her creationist teacher. Drill, baby, drill! Ridiculous and filthy, *Who's Nailin' Paylin?* is perfect stroke fodder for political junkies and anyone else who dreamed of spurting their splooge all over Sarah Palin's face furniture. And look for the sequel *Obama's Nailin' Palin*—because parody is bipartisan! ***—M.J.***

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Check with your cable or satellite television provider to see if it offers HUSTLER TV.

Sindee Jennings displays her survival skills in ***Barely Legal Little Runaways.***

WHO'S NAILIN' PAYLIN?

DVD GIVEAWAY

FIVE CHANCES TO WIN

WHO'S NAILIN' PAYLIN? DVD GIVEAWAY

CONTEST ENTRY FORM

For your chance to win a free copy of HUSTLER Video's historic porn parody, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to Paylin DVD Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to Hustler@LFP.com.

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A Real Doll

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

DIANA DOLL

At this point in my life I have done just about everything," reckons **Diana Doll**. "Being in HUSTLER is the one goal I had yet to accomplish—until now! It was one of the first adult magazines I ever saw, and being naked in HUSTLER's pages is something I always wanted to do. Now I finally got to do it, and I'm thrilled!"

How did the real-life doll from Eastern Europe wind up naked in our fabled mag? "I moved to California with plans of being an actress on TV or in the movies," **Diana** replies. "At first I hoped to be the next Susan Lucci or Julia Roberts. Then a girlfriend of mine turned me on to porn. One day she was booked for a couple of scenes in a video and invited me to come down to the set and check it out. The rest is history."

To say the least, **Diana** is delighted. "I've been working in porn for a few years and wouldn't dream of doing anything else," the sexy Slovakian extols. "What better job is there? I get laid and paid just about every day. Most people would kill for a chance to do what I'm doing. I've *come* to America and found my true calling."

DIANA DOLL'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Bratislava, Slovakia | AGE: 32 | BIRTH SIGN: Cancer | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 110

SURE, THE LITTLE BITCH MAY BE PRETTY AND ALL THAT, BUT CAN SHE SUCK A DICK THE WAY I CAN?
WINNERS

ROXY

"I love older fellas," admits Roxy, 29, a stripper and massage therapy student by way of Lenoir, North Carolina. "I've never dated anyone under 58." Whippersnappers may therefore be green with envy as the "bi and seductive" sweetie chirps, "I love the outdoors and hiking in the nude, and sometimes I ride my horse bareback like Lady Godiva. I also play hide-and-fuck. Whoever finds me first gets to fuck me." But the 5-foot-1 newbie has more to lay on us: "Anal sex is the best. It feels *so-o-o* good. Giving blowjobs is awesome too because I like the taste of a man's cum in my mouth." Roxy, who also masturbates while watching porn, is one foxy lady. —Photos by Friend

"My fantasy would be to walk through the woods naked and come across some horny hunters who gang-bang me!"

KULA

"I'm looking to become more adventurous," vows this cheery resident of Kihei, Hawaii, who'll be reaching the 20 plateau in March. But Kula won't have to plummet 40 feet from a legendary coral reef to take the big plunge into nude modeling. "I jumped off of Black Rock naked in front of all my friends," the 5-foot-7 Mauian recalls, "so I'm not shy or a scaredy-cat." And that assessment applies when we ask Kula, whose pastimes include surfing and paddling, to chat about her sex life. "I'm straight, and I like to experiment," she remarks. "I have an oral fixation—with a tongue ring to prove it. Spanking me is okay, and I have my best orgasms when I'm on top during fucking." Finally, Kula emphasizes, "My ass is for exit only." But we won't hold that against her. All in all, she's a real cool chick. —Photos by Friend

"I like my smile, but people say I have a really nice ass."

PARIS

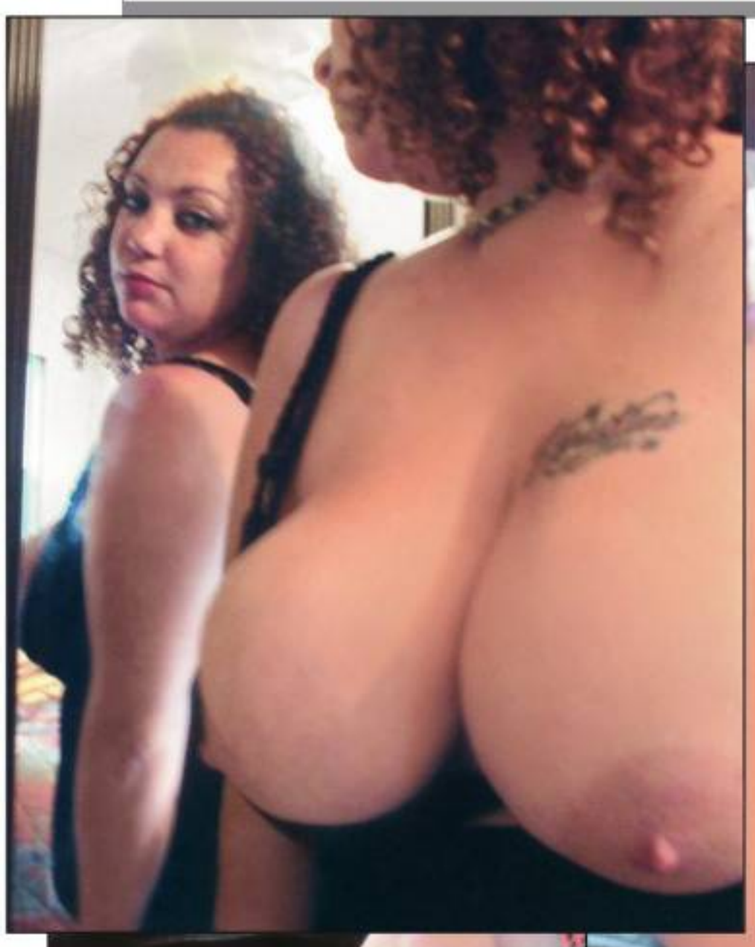
"It was always a dream of mine to be naked in a magazine," says this chesty damsel from Rosedale, Maryland, "but I never got it together. Finally, on my 25th birthday, I asked my boyfriend to shoot some pictures of me in my birthday suit. Of course, one thing led to another, so that's not all he shot. We both got pretty horny." Labeling herself as an "outgoing, fun person," Paris tends bar at a gentlemen's club, although "just about everyone wants me to take it off, baby!" Well, now the establishment's patrons and *Beaver Hunt* looky-loos can see more than the 5-foot-8, 36DD knockout's pretty face and "69" tattoo. "Shopping, partying, networking and sex is pretty much me," she rattles off. "My boyfriend used to do porn, and he's always ready to let me ride his beautiful cock after I suck on it for a while!" With that, we'll have to mention that the naughty newcomer's favorite pop singer is Nelly Furtado, whose hits include "Maneater" and "Promiscuous." As a Beaver Spotlighter, Paris is sure to be a big hit. —Photos by Boyfriend

"I've had sex onstage at a strip club while people were watching. My next wild escapade is to be eaten out in Times Square at midnight on New Year's Eve."

"I favor girls, but guys can get some too as long as I'm in control."

BLAZE

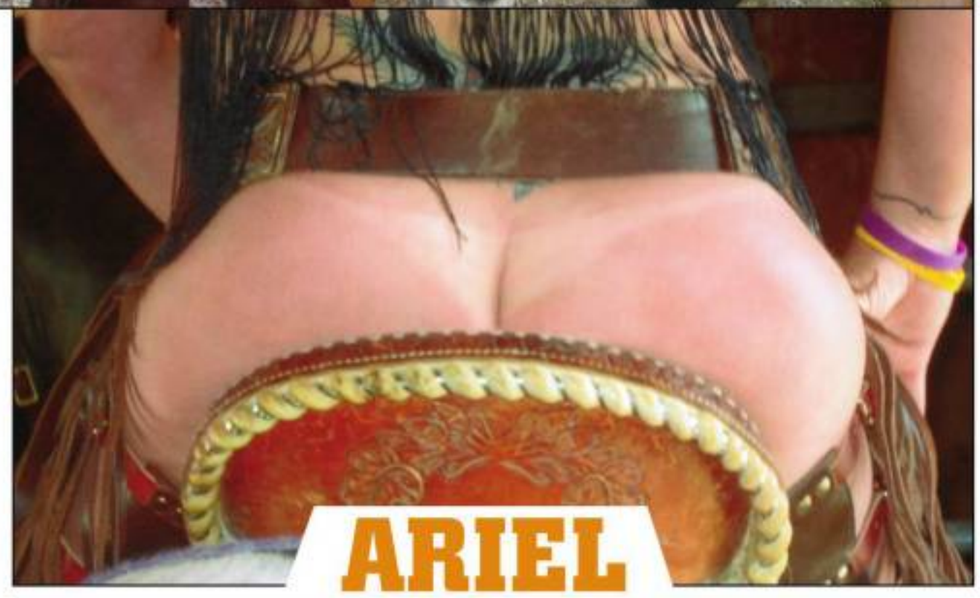
Texas celebrates its 1836 declaration of independence from Mexico on March 2, and to fete the occasion we're unveiling this "wild, kinky and very erotic" stripper from Mexia. "Anna Nicole Smith went to high school here for a while," Blaze, 23, informs us. "But I'd rather be a HUSTLER centerfold." While we wait to see how that plays out, the 5-foot-8 bi babe—once a cheerleader and track star and still an eye-catcher at football games—fantasizes, "I want to strap a dude to my bed, put a blindfold over his eyes and take advantage of him." God bless Texas! —Photos by Friend



"I have a pussy that will melt steel!"

FAWN

"I hope your readers enjoy my pictures as much as my ol' man enjoys fucking the shit out of me!" hoots Fawn, 31, a "wild and crazy New York City girl" now happily residing in Hattiesburg, Mississippi. "I wanted to be in *Beaver Hunt* to show how much I love him. He knows I always have his back." And what a front! Adds the 5-foot-6 receptionist, "I like good movies, good times and good loving—sometimes all at once, like the night a girl ate me out while we were watching *The Last of the Mohicans*." Fawn, who's fond of "chilling at home after work," sure has a chilling fantasy: "I want to be brutally ravished by my ol' man in a ski mask as he pretends to be an intruder." —Photos by Boyfriend

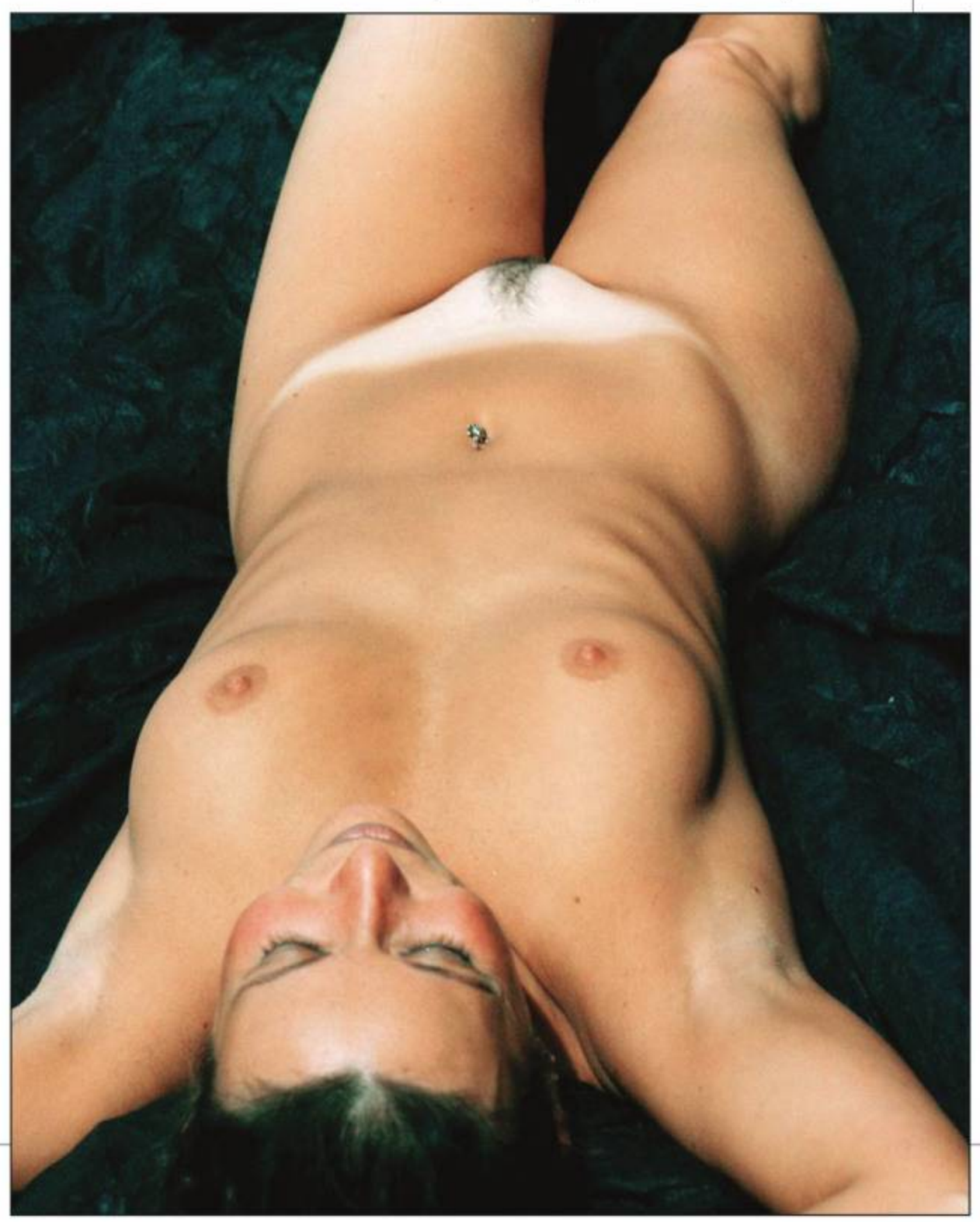


ARIEL

"I've always been sort of an exhibitionist," reckons this "adventurous, crazy and unpredictable cowgirl" from Emmett, Idaho. "One of my pastimes is going to a crowded bar and shooting pool in a miniskirt with no panties on. This makes me really hot!" But Ariel, 41, is merely warming up. "I also love to share my body physically," the 5-foot-8 buckaroo expounds, "so a horse isn't all I enjoy riding. I love dick, especially getting it doggy-style." Continuing to bely her "grandmother twice" status, Ariel—a big fan of Larry the Cable Guy and Larry Flynt—pipes, "I've outdone Lady Godiva. I've been naked on horseback and had sex too!" Now *that's* riding the saddle! —Photos by Husband

SILVIA

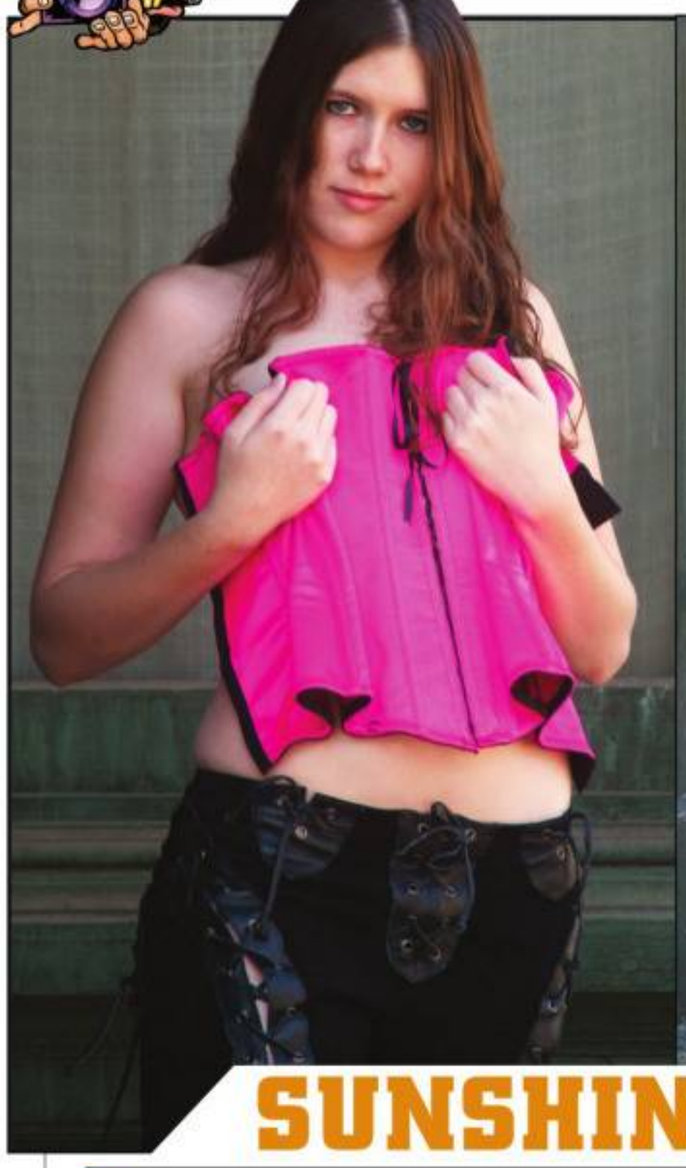
Adding some international pizzazz to our world-famous coozefest is this "kinky and passionate" psychiatric nurse from Galway, Ireland. "I like to give immense pleasure with my full lips, and I like to receive pleasure," reveals Italian-born Silvia, 31. Truly a connoisseur of oral sex, the 5-foot-4 reading, swimming and socializing aficionada recounts her most memorable sexual adventure: "One night a few years ago I gave a blowjob to my boyfriend at the time on a busy street." Silvia, a bosom buddy of Holiday '08 amateur Ludmila, bids *arrivederci* by bellowing, "My fantasy is to be the center of attention at a lewd masquerade party." —Photos by Friend



SCHUYLER

"I love my red hair," purrs this computer tech from Watsonville, Pennsylvania. "I'm super-Irish. Erin Go Bragh!" And since Schuyler, 25, also loves the idea of being bare in *Beaver Hunt*—"so everyone can see my little kitty"—the "flexible" ex-gymnast makes ideal St. Paddy's Day eye candy even though she is anything but a saint. Admittedly "fiery, spunky and bi," the 5-foot-4 nude-modeling greenhorn discloses, "I love giving head so much, I'm going to get a tongue-ring. I'm also into nature, so I prefer having sex outdoors." No wonder Schuyler, who's keen on reggae and ocean cruises, hungers to do the dirty deed "in my backyard during a thunderstorm." —Photos by Friend

"Outdoors or indoors, I like fucking in every place possible."



SUNSHINE

The unprudish pride of Prattville, Alabama, is back with her most daring photos yet. "I just had to get nekkid on the set of *Big Fish*," proclaims Sunshine, 22, a roller-skating buff who once toiled in a porn store, proudly dons HUSTLER apparel and now loads trucks for a retail giant. Tim Burton's acclaimed flick revolves around tall tales, but this 5-foot-7 jezebel never fudges the truth, but man, is she into serious fudge-packing. "I love having a big, hard cock in my ass!" asserts Sunshine, who's only a blowhard when going down on her beau. What a fine catch!

—Photos by Boyfriend

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

■ Here's a nurse out of Asheville, North Carolina, who digs college football and kicks ass in karate, volleyball and golf. "I'm really into sports," Brook, 25, professes. "I have extra energy." And when it comes to hanky-panky, the nude-modeling rookie goes the extra yard. "I'm very rambunctious," the 5-foot-2 bi pixie explains. "I'll serve dinner at home, then have sex on the table. I've also given my husband and his friend blowjobs. I love giving head!" Meanwhile, Brook's favorite positions are girl-on-top and doggy-style. "I like hubby to get the whole view," coos the *Grey's Anatomy* fan, who calls her nookie "the business." Gazing at Brook's bodacious anatomy is fantastic. —Photos by Friend

"I want to be tied up while a couple of girls have their way with me!"

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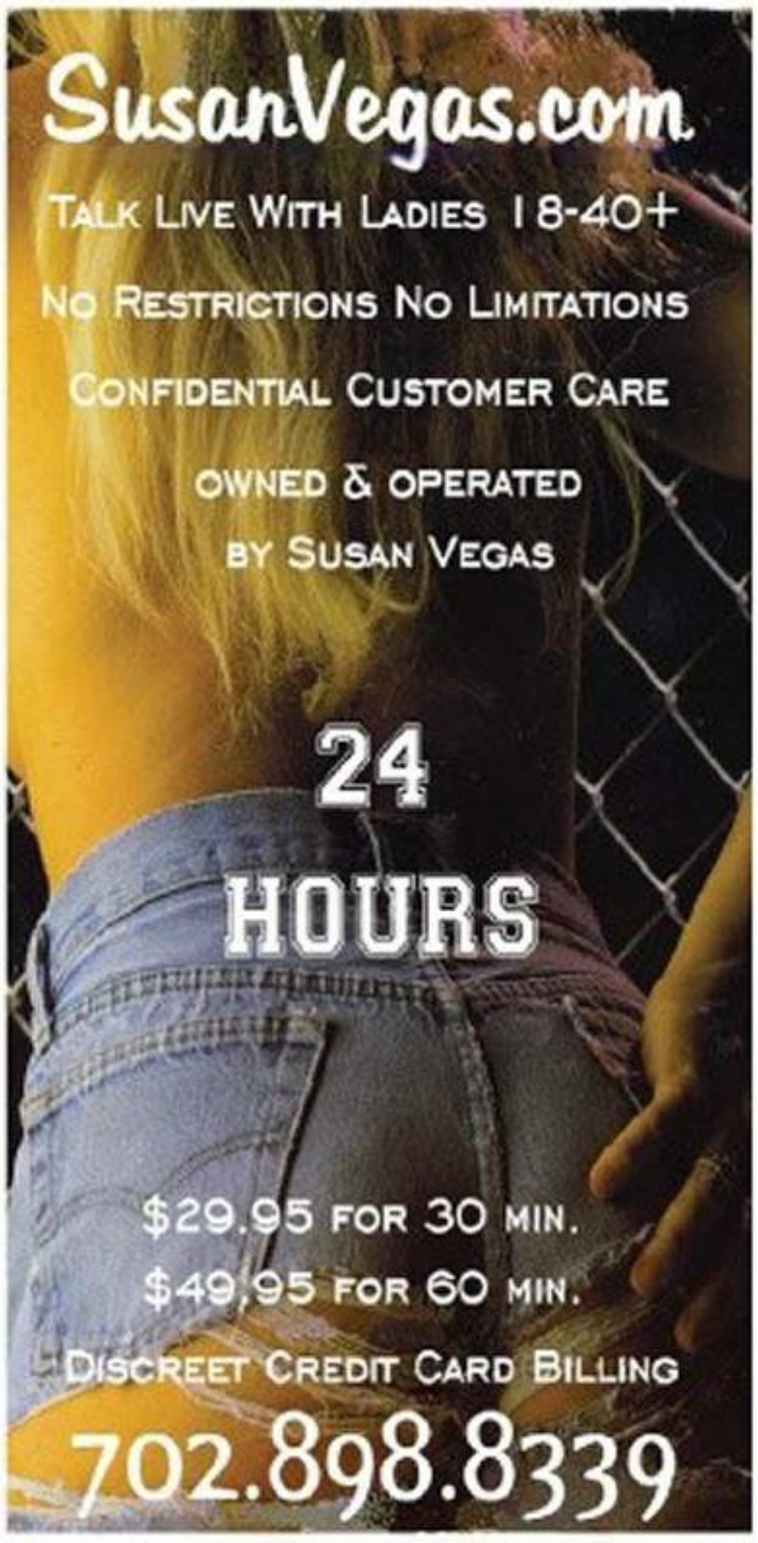
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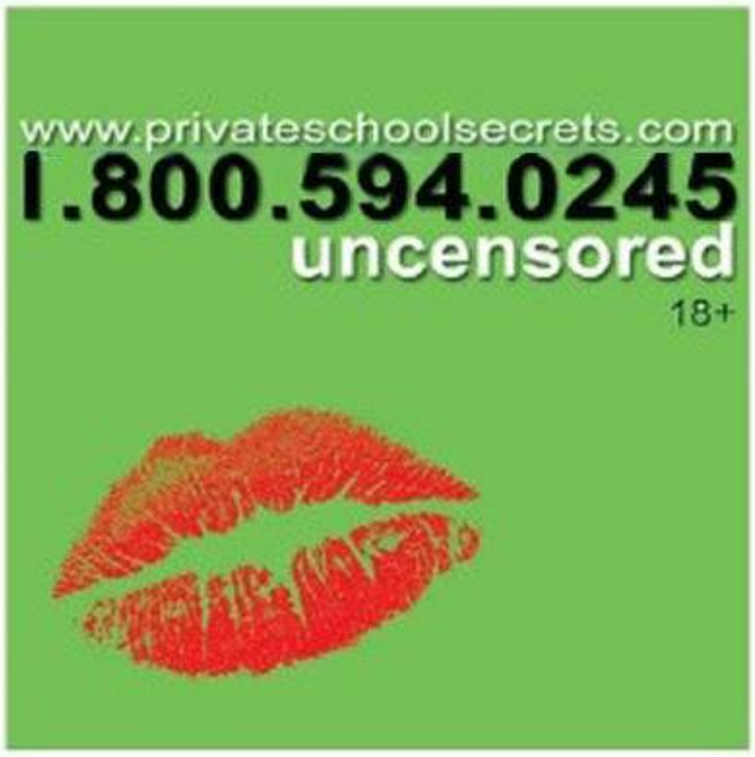
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My Naughty Valentine

BRITNEY BRIGHTON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

Bubbly **Britney Brighton** wants you to be her Valentine this year.

"Valentine's Day is my favorite holiday," the babe announces, "but sadly, I don't have a boyfriend right now. I would hate to spend the day (and night) alone. My Valentine's wish is to find a special guy who is willing to wine me, dine me and then 69 me! I can't tell you how important oral sex is to me. If a guy can lick me to orgasm and then fuck me doggy-style—I absolutely love it from behind!—then he can stay around for as long as he wants."

What else can lucky guests in **Britney's** bedroom expect? "You mean besides the serious doggy-style sex?" chirps the cutie from Wisconsin. "Well, I love to role-play. I have a closet full of sexy lingerie and costumes, so I can dress up all sorts of ways before getting it on. I can be a French maid, sexy devil, naughty nurse and even an angel. The best part is that all the outfits are really easy to rip off me."

We repeat, **Britney** wants you to be her Valentine. “I think it may be hard for me to find true love,” she laments. “After all, most guys get freaked out when they find out I fuck and suck guys and girls for a living. I want a strong man who can love me for who I am: a hardworking porn starlet who constantly needs sex. Will you be my Valentine?”

BRITNEY BRIGHTON'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Wausau, Wisconsin | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-3 | WEIGHT: 115 | MEASUREMENTS: 34C-28-33

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Music Editor Keith Valcourt sits down with guitar god Eddie Van Halen for an exclusive interview about the past, present and future of the greatest rock band in the world—Van Halen!

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Let NYC's most expensive call girl lead you into the sultry underworld that brought down Governor Eliot Spitzer! "Natalia," Manhattan's former #1 escort, recounts her wildest night—which involved a threesome gone awry!

THE Q&A: RANDI RHODES

Straight talk from the number one voice of progressive radio—her abrupt departure from Air America, her reappearance on Nova M and her true calling: enlightening and entertaining listeners at the same time.

REPRIEVE FOR DEMOCRACY

How close did we come to another GOP election theft? Activist Harvey Wasserman and attorney Robert Fitrakis detail the Republicans' dirty tricks that nearly stole the White House again—and the last-minute legal surprise that kept things honest.

THIS AIN'T GILLIGAN'S ISLAND XXX

Take a "three-hour tour" to the randiest uncharted desert isle you've ever seen. Gilligan, the Skipper too, the millionaire and his wife, the movie star and the rest—marooned...and horny as hell. Screenwriter/director Mort Nathan checks out the on-set hijinks of HUSTLER's wild spoof. Plus, an eye-popping layout features the classic sitcom characters fucking their brains out!

UFOS ARE REAL—NOW WHAT?!

Famed astronauts speak out on what's *really* out in space. U.S. Presidents and world leaders reveal the secrets they know. The question is what can we do about it? Article by Jeff Thill.

HOWL'S KITCHEN

Do obnoxious TV cooks burn you up? Is your belly full of overcooked pretentious chefs? Noel "Scotch" Anderson serves up a steaming plate of boob tube parody with his comic strip skewering of *Hell's Kitchen*.

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